Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The provincial election to fill the vacant seat of West Lambton is developing into a very lively contest it asmuch as three candidates are in the field, Mr. Mackenzie, Reform, Mr. Fleck, Conservative, Mr. MacRae, Third Party. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the leader of the Prohibition-Protestant movement, is in the constituency with some of his speakers lending all the support possible to his candidate: Premier Mowat and License Commissioner Ryan have been doing the same for Mr. Mackenzie, while Mr. Fleck appears to be running the thing more or less alone setting night lines and making a still hunt. West Lambton has long been a Grit constituency and it will not be surprising if Mr. Mackenzie be returned, but many elements are at work which may make the result of the contest an interesting and instructive signpost pointing the way toward the roads which in this instance seem all to lead to Rome. It is well known that License Commissioner Peter Ryan is not taken to the country school house to air his rotund oratory unless there is something the matter with the Catholic vote. Surely Mr. Mowat and his colleagues have done enough for our Catholic fellowmen and brethren or at least for the hierarchy, to make them sure of their support, yet somehow there is a disturbed condition in the political atmosphere which makes Father Mowat more or less uneasy. It may be that the veteran Premier realizes that having done all that it is in his power to do for the church, the hierarchy may feel inclined to drop him and help empower a party which will have large further payments to make in return for the favor. For my own part I cannot believe that Roman Catholics, if they are really in sympathy with the hierarchy as to separate schools and exemptions, could be so ungrateful as to slight the hand which they have held in theirs so long. With MacRae, the Third Party candidate (formerly a Conservative), it remains to show what the prohibition vote is worth in West Lambton. If it is not worth more than elsewhere it is an unimportant factor in Canadian politics. Prohibitionists are a much smaller faction than they are generally considered. As a rule they are led by preachers, are nearly all public speakers and make a much greater noise than any other faction of the same numerical strength. Dr. Sutherland, the leader in the movement, is an eloquent and energetic man, and John T. Moore, who is assisting him in Lambton, can talk as long and loud as Peter Ryan himself, and is accredited with about the same amount of sincerity as the doughty License Commissioner. The significant feature of Mr. Mowat's first speech in the constituency was that he was on the defensive. There is not in all Canada a man who can make so crafty and careful a political address as the Christian statesman whose friends just now are throwing so many rocks at the Rev. Dr. Sutherland because that gentleman has been daring enough to invade the domain so long held exclusively by the Hon. Oliver, and is now parrying and thrusting for the heavy weight championship of Christian politics. The *Globe* makes great game of the clerical pretender to Oliver's throne, sneers at his religion, his sincerity, his record, and at the man himself, and nicknames him "The embodiment of Righteousness in public affairs." It tells us that the Christian temperance associations have not recognized his movements, and that the saintly W. H. Howland has withheld the light of his countenance. The latter is indeed a cruel thrust for at one time the ex-Mayor was exceedingly anxious to inaugurate a Third Party movement in which Prohibition, Protestantism, Labor Reform and W. H. Howland were to be the chief planks. He became Mayor by working the temperance and labor elements, but when the workingmen found out that they were being used merely as a stepping stone for his elevation they dropped him, and when the great temperance boom died out in Toronto the remaining planks were discarded for the Equal Rights movement, and Dr. Sutherland has been left by Liquidator Howland to boom the Third Party alone. I imagine that Dr. Sutherland will have a very lonesome trip. The people who believe with him do not all believe in him. It must be confessed that those who are at the same time Protestants and Prohibitionists do not see any necessary connection between the two or the benefit of forcing them into politics. Altogether, West Lambton is showing us an example of how big a stew can be made in a very little pot, and those who are unsanctified by a belief in Protestantism as an element in politics and Prohibition as a road to office, and those who do not believe in the honesty of either the Reform or Conservative protestations are standing around the fence looking at the fight in the ring with really very little interest in the result of what is evidently very much of a scrub race.

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Talking about temperance, the committee of the City Council which decided almost unanimously the other night that saloons should be closed on holidays, is attacking what may be an evil in a very unjustifiable way. The hotelkeepers of Toronto are paying a large license and the tribute which is forced from them is perhaps greater than the majority of people imagine. They are paying for a license to do business six days a week excepting only election days. It is not fair for anyone to make it imperative that their bars shall be closed on any day for which they have paid license to do business. Drunkenness has ceased to be a crying evil on Toronto's public holidays, and we must bear in mind that there is a possibility of being so strict that harm instead of good will be the result. If a man wants a glass of beer on a holiday—unless drinking beer is one of the cardinal sins—he should not be interfered with. We have not the pretext of Sabbatarianism in such a matter. If it is against the law of God to sell liquor or to use it, or against the best interests of the community, then abolish it, but this tendency towards making our holidays a period of compulsory virtue and church-going is infringing upon the liberty of the subject to an extent which neither good sense nor a desire to promote public morals will approve. We must remember that Toronto is a large city and a portion of its business is entertaining the strangers within our gates. If when we have a local holiday or there is a general holiday, the saloons must all be shut, visitors who are not so rigid in their habits as those who are in authority over us, will refuse to make our city their destination when going on an excursion. If we shut up the saloons on holidays we will shut up more than half the restaurants, and not only Torontonians but outsiders will have to suffer inconvenience, while unlicensed grogseries and dives, which still flourish in spite of Inspectors Archibald and Dexter, will do a thriving business and cause much more harm than is now being done by the well kept hotels. There is a possibility that the temperance movement, one which within proper bounds I have always upheld, can be carried so far as to cause a revolt, and the last state of our city will be worse than the first.

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A satirical correspondent in a contemporary is urging a closer connection between Church and State. He advocates a system of religious education which shall make it compulsory that every school teacher shall be either a clergyman or a divinity student, and that the Minister of Education must be a preacher of some sort. He is taking a very clever line indeed to combat those who are attempting to make the secular school teacher a religious instructor. If a movement were to spring up making it imperative that the clergymen who are so anxious for "godly" schools should teach in them six days a week without any increase of salary, I think this section of the earth would be overspread by a sudden silence on their part, and that their consent would be quickly obtained to the thorough secularization of all public educational institutions.

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If "godless schools" have become so great an evil as Rev. Messrs. Dumoulin and King are endeavoring to make out, it is certainly a fit and proper time for the preachers of this country to throw themselves into the breach, and by engaging themselves as teachers in the public schools, fill in the spare time between Sundays in snatching young brands from the burning. By rising at five o'clock in the morning they might visit, according to the location of their charge, the dockyards, harvest fields, or factories, and give a few words of counsel and comfort to those engaged there. At nine they could be in the school-house teaching the children; at noon hour a prayer meeting could be held in a factory or at a logging bee, and from one to four might be properly devoted to teaching the catechism with half an hour to the three R's—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic—and from that until bed-time, with an interval for supper, could be profitably spent in missionary work or a night school. Thus they would have the whole Sunday to themselves, excepting morning service, Sunday school and a sermon at night, which would leave Sunday much less of a work-day in comparison with the rest of the week than it now is with the reverend gentlemen. As the satirist has pointed out we have compulsory education, why not have compulsory church-going, and even if the sermons were a trifle poor the churches might be better filled than they now are and the elders and the deacons would have a chance to help carry out the programme, while at present they have nothing to do but take up the collection. Another strong point in this proposed reform is that every school teacher, being a preacher, we would have more preachers, and this class of workers in the vineyard having become more numerous competition for the good schools and better churches would be keener and salaries would come down. The Rev. Canon Dumoulin himself, if there were four or five times as many preachers as there are now in orders, could scarcely hope to get five thousand dollars a year for two sermons a week. Coming down to school-teacher's pay he would get about five hundred dollars for working seven days a week. This might be too little, but then he must remember the glorious mission which under the circumstances he had forced upon himself. He might not live long under such pressure, but how glorious a death it would be! The school-teachers of this province are nearly all young and single and can save a little money out of their small salaries, but if they had to be divinity students or preachers they could expect to save nothing if they try to keep a wife. Nor should they be anxious to lay up treasures on earth where the moth is a source of irritation and thieves delight in breaking through and appropriating other people's property. I cannot conceive how gentlemen who are so impressed, so eaten-up, in fact, by a knowledge that the school children of this country are growing up in a godless condition can sleep o' nights or spare half an hour to chat with a neighbor from their labor of rescuing them from the horrors of secular schools. Take Canon Dumoulin for instance; he is receiving ten times as much as the ordinary male school teacher and what return is he making? Truly he preaches as polished and eloquent discourses as any man who occupies a Canadian pulpit. But is he saving souls? Of course, I cannot call the souls about me to give evidence in this matter; but I ask the men and women who listen to him, to reckon up how many souls he is saving per annum, and if he is not wasting his time and misappropriating that five thousand dollars that ought to be spent in making more godly our "godless schools." As an "intellectual treat," of course, no one can deny that the Canon furnishes an entertainment unsurpassed in the city, but he denies that intellectual education alone is a worthy thing; therefore it being unworthy of a five hundred dollar school-teacher, how shocked must we be to find the same characteristics in a five thousand dollar preacher.

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If we were to follow out the line of argument the preachers advance we would put the entire government in the hands of the Synod, the Presbytery and the Conference. We would have to exclude the priests because they are apparently too sincere and are really anxious to teach religion to the children. With a preacher as Chief of Police—because we must thoroughly comprehend that the head of our police force should not be an unsanctified man; with a parson as chief engineer, an exhorter as mayor, a missionary as public school inspector, a class-leader in the registry office and a zealot as treasurer, with the expenditure and conduct of public affairs arranged at prayermeetings and offenders tried before a clerical commission we might expect society to assume a beauty of expression and conduct which has not heretofore been achieved in any community. It may be urged that these gentlemen do not understand how to conduct public business. What matters it, my friends? These are but ephemeral and trivial things at best. To-day we are publishing newspapers, doing business, selling real estate and building houses, and to-morrow, as the grass we are cut down, and if our taxes go up and our city goes down, so long as we are doing the thing right who should complain? This is the logical conclusion of the clerical argument that godliness should be punched into the youngster with a birch and given to him mixed with grammar and concealed in doses of geography.

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Those who desire to have the schools secularized, on the other hand, are open to the charge of being radicals and infidels. They urge that the parents should teach religion, and this offends lazy parents. They believe that the preachers, whose aggregate pay in this province, I venture to say, taking exemptions, discounts and the preacher's "ten per cent. off" into account, is nearly as great as that of all the public school teachers in Ontario, should devote themselves to inculcating such religious principles as are necessary to the guidance of youth. Josiah L. Bemis, who has written in the *Globe* the excellent satirical articles I have referred to, states that the public schools of the province cost us about $4,000,000 yearly, and that we have about three thousand seven hundred clergymen whose salaries will aggregate $3,000,000. We have six thousand churches, whose aggregate value is not less than $60,000,000, representing another $3,000,000 annually. Now then, if the school teachers, who receive so much less than the preachers, and who have to work for five days in the week, are not sufficiently employed, what are we to say of the preachers who are only officially employed one day in the week, and really under the circumstances of their exemptions from taxation obtain quite as much money? Are not the teachers doing their duty better than the preachers? The teachers work thirty hours, even supposing that they give no thought to their tasks after schools is dismissed, while the preachers on the same basis do not work six hours. If all these parsons turned in and devoted an hour a day to teaching religion in the schools, it would only add five hours a week to their labors, but they are not anxious to do it. Theoretically they are anxious for souls, but practically they have shown themselves more desirous of leisure.

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It has been shown time and time again that the introduction of religious topics in the public schools divides the community, is the occasion of sectarian brawls, and the excuse upon which Roman Catholic Separate Schools are founded. It has not been shown on the other hand that teaching religion in the schools has either benefited the school or the scholar. There would be no need for such teaching if the preachers of this country did their duty. Nor would there be agitation for it if the preachers themselves were not the agitators. Parents, it is too true, are anxious to be religious by proxy. They are becoming too lazy to teach the bible to their children and have left that sort of education to the Sunday schools and churches. But the Sunday schools and the churches neglect to attend to it; it is too great a burden and the clergymen, anxious for ease and to make their burdens as light as possible, would, if they could, unload the task upon the public school teacher who is already over-worked, ill-paid, ill used and without any great prizes in his profession or any future before him unless he abandons teaching. It is a scandal on religion that the preachers engage in such an agitation. They think themselves too good to work. They want souls saved, but they want some one else to save them. Apparently, what the leaders of this movement desire is to draw large salaries, obtain all the notoriety possible and to do as little work as their congregations will stand. They are indeed great missionaries when they are appealing to their parishioners to load the plate for the heathen, but they are poor laborers in the vineyard when the sweat that is to be spilled is theirs, and the labor to be done is not in China or some far-off field, where cynical editors do not point out their deficiencies. Honest people hate pretentiousness; they despise hypocrisy and they are not blind to the inconsistencies of such noisy evangelists. In this I do not refer to badly paid preachers, those drudges of the community, those sincere and overburdened pastors, who in rural communities and backwoods settlements are toiling five hours where we toil one and are paid so little that they can barely clothe themselves and protect their families from cold and starvation. I am only taking exception to the loud-mouthed and high-salaried preachers who are all words, those who exhort others to do what they leave undone themselves and those who interfere with the government of the country and the proper and united citizenship of the people, in order that their hearers may cry out: How godly are these men!

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I am glad to see that in the Baptist Congress, which has been in progress this week, an entirely different view is being taken of this subject, that the strongest disapproval is expressed of any connection between Church and State, that the assembled clergy and laity were unanimously in favor of secularizing the schools, of paying taxes on their churches and urging that the preachers too shall "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." If all the churches pursued a similar course, religion would be held in higher respect. When the parsons cease to be dead-heads, when they quit clamoring for their churches to be exempted from taxation, when the clerical residence pays for police protection and the other municipal benefits it enjoys, and when the parson himself goes out and does a little religious work instead of imagining that his duty is finished when he exhorts other people to do it, there will be less sneering at religion, fewer scoffers at sanctity, and the first great step will be taken towards the great truth that religion must be lived as well as talked and supported.

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The meeting of the mayors, reeves and wardens of the various municipalities of the province to consider the abolition of exemptions and other amendments necessary to our statutes, cannot result in anything but good. Men who are strongly imbued with the idea of social or municipal reform are apt to be characterized in their localities as cranks, but when, in a gathering of influential and prominent men it is found how widely accepted similar ideas have become, there dawns upon the wise-heads who have abstained from meddling with new notions that they are getting behind the age, then all at once, that which had been esteemed as a mere fad becomes a vital principle and finds adherents which it never would have found had a convention of some sort not been held. More of such meetings, more fearless and honest expression of views, more careful consideration of what we are so prone to call crank notions would hurt none of us.

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Public opinion has ceased to be so strongly disturbed over the Harvey murder case, but I have a couple of communications calling my attention to the fact that I had inadvertently done an injustice to the murdered family. One which came from a neighbor of the murdered woman intimates that instead of being extravagant, Mrs. Harvey and her daughters had scarcely enough underclothing in the house at the time the crime was committed to dress one woman properly—that indeed the bodies were a revelation of what women can conceal in the way of clean but dilapidated clothing. The other was from a gentleman who desired to call my attention to the fact that the murderer had been in receipt of sufficient money to sustain his family much better than he did sustain it, that indeed, if there were extravagances, they were personal extravagances of Harvey's own. I do not like to persecute a man who has a rope around his neck, but if I wanted to see him hanged before I am more anxious now. He hadn't the excuse offered for him; he had none. I am convinced from these later reports that he was a selfish and abnormally proud man, and that his crime was dictated by nothing better than a miserable, inexcusable pride.

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In London another rank and filthy scandal, involving a number of so-called "nobility" has arisen. According to foreign correspondents, the Government has decided not to prosecute if the offenders will exile themselves from the country. It certainly is a good thing to get rid of such men, but why they should be forgiven while the poor are prosecuted, seems to be an unanswerable conundrum to those of us who live in these Western wilds, where one man is as good as another if he behaves himself, and where one man is no better than another if he misbehaves himself. Slowly but surely the tide of public opinion is gathering itself into a wave which will sweep over these social barriers, and when it breaks loose, it certainly will engulf a number of titled miscreants who now think that a coronet is the seal of a licence which permits them to do those things for which common people are execrated and imprisoned.

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The Local Legislature is to sit for another session. The *Globe*, after being consumed by jealousy, because its rival dared to announce what purported to be a government secret, has at last been instructed to give a denial to the

THE DELAYED BREAKFAST.

rumor that the general elections were to take place before the end of the year. How the statesmen from the side-lines will rejoice that they are to have another sessional indemnity before they shall have to appeal to their constituents! I really sympathize with them, for they get very little honor out of the thing, and if they lose a quarter of their pay there is but little profit in being a provincial statesman.

A gentleman the other day wished me to consider the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin and the wonderful zeal he is displaying in preventing the supporters of Roman Catholic schools from obtaining the privilege of the ballot at their elections. When he was in the House of Commons he believed in the ballot and supported it, but now he thinks it would be a crusade against religion to permit his fellow-Catholics to secretly record their opinions, because those opinions might be opposed to the desire of the hierarchy. My informant says that the Hon. Timothy has gone so far as to threaten to withdraw his services from future commissions which the government may appoint, and that, in fact, he will refuse to draw his occasional salary from Mowat & Co. if any disposition is shown to provide the Separate School supporters with the ballot. I am afraid that the Honorable Timothy Warren Anglin has become a political back number, in fact, a last year's Christmas number in Canadian politics. When he accepted the office of School Trustee after having been Speaker of the House of Commons, it betrayed an eagerness to serve the church and to stay in public sight which was neither dignified nor profitable. When somebody sprinkles the perfumes and mystic preparations over the Honorable Timothy and wraps the grave clothes about him and places him behind the back door of the sarcophagus of Yesterday everyone will admit that he is a political mummy which had not been put away a minute too soon.

DON.

Saturday Night's Christmas Number.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number will be issued about the first of December and it will be admitted to be the most artistic Christmas number ever issued in Canada. It will consist of forty pages of picture, song and story, all original and illustrative of Canadian life. Last year's Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT was not at all satisfactory to the publishers and though it proved a profitable enterprise, this year an endeavor is being made to produce a number worthy of the country and one which when mailed to friends in the old lands will not compare unfavorably with the best productions of London and Paris. A dozen full-page illustrations, all by Canadian artists and engraved and lithographed without regard to expense, will lend a great attractiveness to the edition, and in every page some charming picture relieves the text. The best poets in Canada, including Louis Frechette, who writes a poem in French (translation by William McLennan of Montreal), William Wilfred Campbell (the poet of the lakes), Archibald Lampman, McLachlan, Professors Roberts and Boys, and H. K. Cockin, have contributed. Mrs. W. W. Campbell has a strong and characteristic story, On Huron's Shore; E. E. Sheppard contributes a story entitled Teddy's Wife; Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper has a very pretty little sketch; Prof. William Clark writes a delightful essay, while sketches, fairy tales and many charming things for children are provided by other contributors.

If you wish to send a Christmas *souvenir* to a friend abroad, nothing will be more appreciated than SATURDAY NIGHT'S holiday number. The art pictures are not copies of Old Country engravings, nor a job lot of lithographs, but exquisite photogravures of Canadian subjects. Not a line of reprint nor a copied picture appears in the whole forty pages. The paper throughout is heavily glazed; the printing cannot be excelled, and the cover, with its heavy, gold margin, contains a realistic Rocky Mountain sketch. The price will be thirty cents.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday of last week the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Mowat gave one of the large musical parties, for which they are famed. As is always the case on these occasions, their fine house on St. George street was filled with men of note in every profession. Learned barristers, divines, politicians, professors, etc., even predominated over the fair sex. Although the senior members of society were in a majority, there was not wanting a good measure of youth, beauty and gallantry. In one or two places there was some pressure for space, but Mrs. Mowat's apartments are many, and a little search generally discovered a desirable resting place. That such a place was out of hearing of the music-room did not always seem to be considered of any great account.

Another very enjoyable musical party was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Featherston of Rosedale on Saturday last. Mrs. Featherston's pretty *cottage ornee* was made even prettier than usual by a wealth of flowers. This lady is an experienced hostess, and had not risked a failure by inviting too many people for her comparatively limited space. Her performers numbered only three or four, but what they did was quite firstrate. The violin playing of the Rev. Mr. Moore of Southampton, England, was a treat long to be remembered.

Rumors that the popular and hospitable bachelors of Tintagel, McCaul street, were about to move their quarters, or possibly to disband altogether, have happily proved untrue. This bachelors' hall has existed for several years, and though its occupants have seen many changes in their ranks, it has always been the rendezvous of a very large number of gentlemen who would greatly mourn its loss.

The Messrs. McIntosh of London, England, have been staying with friends on St. George street and have participated in recent galeties. The gentlemen left for home on Monday last *via* New York.

Miss Dobel of Quebec has returned from Hamilton and is paying a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House. Miss Langton of London, England, is also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ridout.

Miss Maude Watson of New York is staying with relations in town, and is meeting with the social success which so often attends her compatriots.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan of Hamilton were in town last week. At more than one private house, as well as in public, Mrs. Mackelcan reaped fresh laurels by her splendid voice and by the good nature that makes her so ready to display her great gifts.

The many friends of the gallant Colonel of the Royal Grenadiers will have wondered how he has dropped to the title of Lieutenant. A striking portrait of Colonel Dawson in a daily paper was named Lieutenant Dawson.

Mr. D. T. McEwan of Moose Creek, N. W. T., was in town last week. Both Mr. D. T. McEwan and his brother are frequent visitors to Toronto, and the friends of these gentlemen are many.

The clergy of England must be fond of traveling, if one can judge by the number who have recently visited Toronto. Canon and Mrs. Henry Buchanan of Lincoln, England, are staying with friends in town.

Sir Alexander and Lady Galt left town last week and sailed for England by the Allan s.s. Parisian. Sir Alexander's stay abroad will not be a long one, but Lady Galt will probably remain in Europe till the spring.

General Sir Frederic Middleton was the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Dawson last week on College avenue.

The doings of Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron have been much chronicled. Their visit to Toronto, though probably interesting, cannot have failed to be highly fatiguing.

I find that ladies and gentlemen who purpose attending the opening of the new Toronto Art Gallery, on Friday evening next, will have no excuse for not appearing *en haute toilette*, as the management has provided accommodation in the way of dressing-rooms and careful attendants. The fine pictures, the handsome room, and Toronto's well known *penchant* for evening dress, ought to make this a handsome gathering.

Miss Raby Why of Brantford is visiting with Mrs. Enoch Thompson of Sherbourne street.

I was shown several clever bits of oil painting the other day, the work of Mrs. J. P. C. Philips of Belleville. The work was superior to the average amateur work and showed promising ability.

The Jubilee of the Anglican diocese of Toronto, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, commences in this city next Thursday and will continue for a week. Services will be held in the different churches each evening, except Wednesday, during the week and on Sunday morning. On Monday, November 25, the Bishop of Toronto will hold a reception at the See House from 3 to 6 p.m., and on Wednesday evening there will be a conversazione at the Pavilion.

A fashionable audience filled the Academy of Music to the doors, on Thursday evening when Bootles' Baby was presented for the first time. Among those present were noticed: Sir Alexander Campbell, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Commander and Mrs. Law, Misses Law, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Blackstock, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Capt. McGee, Major Harrison, Mrs. A. Denison, Mrs. J. E. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Gooch, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt and many other well-known society people.

Of all footlight favorites revolving in the American orbit Fanny Davenport is accredited by fashion papers in New York as doing more to influence ladies' dress than any other. Those of us who remember the charming gowns in which she last appeared here and the almost classic draperies of her directoire dresses will I suppose be eager to see the beauties of the toilet which she will display the last half of next week at the Grand. I almost wonder how the husbands, brothers and sweethearts will stand the strain this season of three theaters and innumerable concerts if the fair ones insist on adopting some of the handsome draperies of the leading ladies.

Mr. J. F. Thomson entertained a little party at Webb's last Saturday night after the theater. Mr. Ryley, the actor, was the guest of the evening.

On Tuesday night the professors and students of Trinity Medical College entertain their friends at their thirteenth annual dinner, at the Queen's.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club have a smoking concert and supper at Webb's on November 22.

On the evening of Monday, November 25, the lady managers of the Protestant Orphan's Home, for dear charity's sake, are to give an entertainment of an attractive character in the new Academy of Music. It will comprise the features of a concert, a flower-show and a dance, and will be under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, and the Colonel and officers of the Royal Grenadiers. The fine band of the regiment will furnish the music. The whole building is to be thrown open, with its theatre, ball room and withdrawing rooms. These are to be utilized for the varied purposes of the charity, and in charge of the several attractions of the evening will be found many of Toronto's fair dames and young maidens. Mrs. Meyrick-Bankes and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, I learn, will preside at the Flower Hall; Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Armstrong, and Mrs. Spragge will vend candies and bon bons; while the tea table will be presided over by Mrs. McMurrich, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Lockhart, and a galaxy of young ladies. The dance, it is designed, is to be one of the attractive features of the entertainment; and, for participants in this, evening dress is to be *de riguer*. With these varied attractions, and the thoughtful supervision of the lady managers of the Home, the entertainment promises to be one of the finest social events of the season.

Miss Burgess, daughter of Mr. Ralph Burgess of Rosedale, sailed last Saturday by the Etruria to spend the winter with friends in the south of England.

Mrs. and the Misses Little of Jarvis street left the city last Saturday for Ottawa, where they intend spending the winter with Mrs. Little's brother, Lieut.-Col. R. D. O'Brien.

Last week I announced that Miss Campbell would be At Home from four to six o'clock p.m. every Wednesday until further notice. This was a mistake, as Miss Campbell is At Home only on the first Wednesday in the month during the hours mentioned.

Monday evening, October 28, was enjoyed by the crew and several of their friends on board the Rivet, where music and oysters were indulged in till quite a late hour, before the entertainment broke up, which was given by one of the members of the crew. Everyone agreed that there was Christian charity, mirth and hilarity with the captain and crew of the Rivet.

Mrs. George Crawford's handsome residence on Church street was a scene of social gaiety on Saturday evening last, when Mrs. Crawford was At Home from 5 till 7 o'clock. The large drawing room, the reception room, elegantly fitted hall, each perfect in its appointments, were devoted to the guests. The orchestra was situated under the stairs, in the front hall. Truly, no house could be more suitable for entertainment than Mrs. Crawford's, or hostess more charming. Among the guests were Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mrs. and Miss Bunting Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, M. H. Moffatt, Mrs. Fred Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the Misses Beaty, Miss Edith McFarlane, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Allie Heward, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Rutherford, Miss Maud Rutherford, Mrs. A. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. McColough, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Madeline Spratt, Mrs. W. Brouse, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Miss May Todd, Mr. A. Sims, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. Perry Rutherford, Dr. Macdonough, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Parsons, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, Miss Michie, Mrs. G. Geddes, Mr. E. R. Rutherford, Miss Fanny Smith and many others.

A bazaar in aid of St. Paul's Church will open on Monday, November 18, in the building lately occupied by Hughes Bros., corner Yonge and Melinda streets. There will be an abundance of daintily-fashioned conceits as well as useful articles, and the bazaar will be well worth a visit.

Professor Clark will lecture in St. Stephen's School House, Bellevue avenue, Tuesday evening, November 19, on the following topic, Our Work and How to Do It. The public are invited.

Mrs. R. S. Williams gave a pleasant At Home at her handsome residence on Friday evening.

Mr. Jas. H. Doyle, Mrs. Frances Doyle, Miss Doyle and Miss A. Doyle have returned from Detroit and taken up their residence at 35 St. Patrick street.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald D. McLean returned to the city on Sunday last, after a three weeks tour through the New England States. They spent a short time in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and went South as far as Old Point Comfort, Virginia. They have taken up their residence at No 52 Bismarck avenue, where Mrs. McLean will be at home to her friends next week.

Miss Violet Seymour of Port Hope is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer of Kenmore.

Mr. Murray Langmuir, son of Mr. J. W. Langmuir of Tyndal avenue, Parkdale, has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., for his health.

Mrs. Parsons of Grange avenue gave a large afternoon tea on Thursday which was a great social success.

Mrs. James Crowther's dance on Thursday night was an enjoyable entertainment. The full account of it will appear in next week's issue, it having come in too late to be printed this week.

Mrs. Snelling of Murray street gave a small tea on Monday afternoon to a select party.

Captain Charles McDougal, I. S. C., and his bride have returned from their honeymoon and taken up quarters at the New Fort Barracks.

Mrs. Meredith of Port Hope is spending a few weeks with Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby of Maplehyrn.

A social and bazaar, in aid of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, will be held in Jubilee Hall, College and Clinton streets, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 19 and 20, from 3 to 10 p.m. A small admission will be charged.

At Leslieville Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday evening, Dr. G. S. Cleland was married to Miss Elizabeth Blong. Rev. Wm. Cleland, father of the groom, officiated, being assisted by Rev. Wm. Frizzell. The bridesmaids were Miss Mary Blong, Miss Eldred Macdonald, and little Miss Jessie Blong, and Messrs. E. V. Blong and J. K. Leslie acted as groomsmen. The bride's gown was cream faille, trimmed with a profusion of moire ribbon. She wore a veil, orange blossoms and diamond ornaments, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. Her three bridesmaids were dressed differently, one wore blue silk, one cream silk, while the wee maiden in cream cashmere, and bearing a basket of pale yellow roses, was pronounced very daintily pretty.

The guests were: Rev. W. and Mrs. Frizzell, Dr. and Mrs. Lynd, Ald. Peter and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bradly, Rev. W. and Mrs. Cleland, Miss Cleland, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Waddell, Mr. T. Kerr, Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. W. Nation of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bradshaw, Mrs. Baker, Capt. and Mrs. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. R. Manson, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Burness, Mr. R. Blong, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Macdonald, jun., Mr. and Mrs. James Blong, Mr. W. McFarlane, Miss McLaughlin, Rev. P. McFarlane of Dayton, Ohio.

Among the many presents I noticed a silver service from the father and mother of the groom, a handsome bronze and marble clock, an oxydized silver drawing-room lamp, case of silver knives, forks and spoons, dinner, tea and five o'clock tea sets, a bamboo easel with engraving from Mr. John Leslie, a hand-painted mirror from Mr. E. V. Blong, a plush table and an elegant fruit dish. The groom's present to the bride was a diamond brooch, and to the attending bridesmaids each a diamond lacepin. After a reception and supper, served by Caterer Harry Webb, Dr. and Mrs. Cleland took an evening train for New York.

A fashionable wedding took place in Bowmanville on Thanksgiving evening, when Mr. Ruggles Wright was married to Miss Mary Stewart McArthur. The church was tastefully decorated with ferns, palms and chrysanthemums. The bride's toilet was of white silk *en train*. She wore veil and orange blossoms, and a diamond crescent, the groom's gift. The bridesmaids, Misses McArthur, Wright and Edsall wore white poplinette dresses, and carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. The groomsmen were Messrs. Wright and Lee; the ushers Messrs. Craig, McMillan, Gordon and McArthur. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. W. Mackenzie assisted by Rev. R. D. Fraser. After a supper and reception at Cragnairn, the residence of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Wright began their wedding journey to New York.

Grip's Almanac, the old favorite, is with us again and is, if anything, more sparkling and more original than ever before. Filled with jokes from cover to cover it has on any one page twice as many laughs as there are cents in its price.

Fanny Davenport in La Tosca.

The announcement of the engagement of Fanny Davenport at the Grand Opera House three nights, commencing Thursday, November 21, will no doubt interest the large *clientele* of this theater. That Miss Davenport will be greeted by fashionable audiences is presumed, as La Tosca is underlined for the bill, and the tragedienne will be seen at regular prices. Another interesting fact, in connection with the present engagement, is that Miss Davenport is making La Tosca the *piece de resistance* of the present tour, and will never again appear in it, as she contemplates presenting an entirely new play next season. Melbourne MacDowell is her leading man.

True Irish Hearts will be the bill at the Toronto Opera House next week. This play is too well-known to need any extended notice to attract lovers of melo-drama.

Had to Fill Time Somehow.

Muttonhedde papa, complains that his son has no ambition. He finds him in bed at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I am amazed, sir, to think I should find you sleeping at this hour of the day."

"What's a fellah to do. Fellah cawn't smoke all the time, bay Jove!"

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Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Did you ever have any gloves cleaned? I remember that long ago I submitted a pair of pet ones to a scourer, but the event and results have almost gone from my memory. Last week, however, I had an "economical streak;" and while it was in progress, I became aware of the fact that a pair of gloves otherwise respectable, were very much soiled. To the cleaner's they went, and though they were pinned in a cold draught all one night, the naphtha used in the renovating process was the next morning decidedly self-asserting. I was perplexed. The odor was disagreeable, but the gloves were fairly good, so I wore them out to air them, and am very much pleased to find that the oppressive attraction is slowly but surely growing less. I've told you all this, so you need not feel sorrowful when you get gloves from the cleaner's, for really they look quite respectable, and are not perfumed now.

Such pretty comfortables are made of cheese cloth in bright colors, blue or pink. The filling is cotton batting, and a great deal is put in. Then the cover is knotted down with silk of the same shade. To prepare the batting and render it a dream of fluffiness, hang it before the fire, and it will allow itself to be pulled out, until it acquires a lightness and fineness which approaches that of eider-down.

Bodices are again being fastened behind. My recollections of that method of closing are anything but pleasant, consisting mainly of the remembrance of nervous tweaks and twinges and buttons wound around and around with hair. Some dresses are fastened along the left shoulder-seam, and down the side, which method is quite new. Invisible fastenings are a nuisance. Hooks and eyes are a bother, and the good old-fashioned button and button-hole does seem to me to be the most rational way of furnishing ingress and egress.

I saw the other day such a cleverly-fashioned little work bag. A green rush basket of a fanciful shape was chosen, and a bag was set in it forming lining and bag-top. It was in pale rose color, and gathered with rush-green ribbon with two medium sized brass rings for my lady to pass over her fingers in carrying.

"False hair is coming in!" Don't start, Mollie—it's in quotation points. I don't believe myself that it will, but the hair dressers love to tell you so. They assure you that the coming hats and bonnets cannot be worn unless the average woman piles borrowed locks on her own. I heard a gay girl discuss the possibility the other day, and she declared she'd "wear her own hair or go without any," before she'd "pin other people's hair on her head. Nasty heavy puffs and braids, they're enough to send any one crazy."

She was very emphatic, but, I believe, about right. If women would only take some time to preserve their own locks, they would not require the assistance of foreign braids to furnish a respectable resting-place for fashionable head-gear.

Felt, embroidered or pinked, forms a part of the trimming of many stylish bonnets, and it has certainly one marked quality in its favor—that of durability. It will stand quite a few raindrops and considerable wear without evincing any distressing signs of rebellion.

Jerseys are in full favor yet. Not the plain ones which were so much sought some years ago, but fanciful ones in two colors, or a color and white. Some have directoire fronts, others revers and cuffs of velvet; many show yokes, and yet others are gathered into a belt. One is in coat shape, double breasted, with coat lapels of dark velvet, and one has a cunning little hood with a jabot of ribbons dangling from it. All house dresses are marked by the absence of the high collar. The neck is cut out a little, and a folding collar exposes the throat. Some gowns are made with only a piping at the neck. They are left than that the fair wearer may exercise her ingenuity in the novelty and number of her neck garnitures. Sometimes a band of swan's down is used, often a white or colored silk mull tie with flaring ends; while in many cases folds of *mousseline de soie* are passed around the neck and carried in soft careless folds to the waist-line. "Waist-line," just now is rather an indefinite phrase. In the Empire gown it is almost under the arms, but in other dresses it still means the smallest part of the waist.

Fur and feathers rule. It is a fact which is indisputable. For trimmings, for garments, for toques, fur is the proper thing—though that exquisitely dainty creation—swan's down is still worn in its pale shades and white. Bonnets, fans, shoes, in fact almost all articles of dress owe a part of their adornment to fur or feathers.

A tailor in speaking of care of clothing, stated that suits which were rested occasionally, wore much longer, than those which saw the light of every day, and were in service at least six days a week. He is, in all probability, quite right, for wrinkles that will not come out by pressing, will gradually release their hold, when the garment is hung away. Of course clothing should be thoroughly brushed, for dust is a foe to longevity in woolen goods. It seems to eat its way into the fabric, and, beyond reach, but not beyond sight, defy all one's efforts at dislodgment.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

Hero Worship.

A delicious story is told of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, whom the poet Browning was said at one time to be "going to marry." In the early days of acquaintance between the American dame and the English bard, it was all adulation on the lady's side, and good natured toleration on the other. On a certain occasion, so the tale goes, the poet was about to take a walk. It was afternoon. The sun was shining, and things out of doors looked tempting. There was a knock and a ring at the modest villa near Paddington, and the card of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore was brought to Mr. Browning. The hat was laid aside, and the lady entered. "My dear Mr. Browning," she exclaimed; "I would not deprive you of your walk for the world; but first let me sit at your feet for five minutes; it would be so refreshing." The poet bowed, sat down in an arm chair, motioned to a servant to put a cushion in front of his boots, and on this Mrs. Moore sank in a "Patience" attitude, and remained just five minutes by the watch, not a word being exchanged—so the poet and lady both relate. Mr. Browning then arose and looked towards his hat as he assisted Mrs. Moore to her feet, and together they both descended the stairs to the hall. Here the lady paused and the poet gazed at her with a questioning eye. His other eye looked equally apprehensive. "Oh Mr. Browning," murmured Mrs. Moore. "Can I, dare I, ask one more favor." The poet bowed with a smile of "Lord-have-mercy-upon-us" expression. (This portion of the story is related by the eye-witness, Mr. Browning's man servant.) "Might I," continued Mrs. Moore, "sit at your feet for just two minutes—one hundred and twenty rapturous seconds—longer!" Not a word said the poet. He led the way through the first open door, into a small apartment used as a waiting-room for the swarm of people who call at the Browning house, and placing a footstool for Mrs. Moore, the poet sat down on a straight backed chair, with his watch in his hand. At the end of two minutes he arose. "And now, madam," he said, "I must really take my walk." And almost before the lady could shake her skirts together, as she rose from the lowly seat, the poet was out of the house and triumphing as well as hard as he could. In another minute Mrs. Bloomfield Moore emerged, and entered her carriage, with the sort of look upon her face that you would expect to find on a nun leaving a sanctuary.—*N. Y. Truth.*

At the Hunt Club.

Cropper—Sapleigh gave his horse his head the other day, and——

Dropper—Sapleigh didn't lose much, did he?

WOMEN OF BRAINS

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(Copied from New York Press.)

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio.

Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability, and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman. The poor as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The no 1 remarkable thing, however, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born and raised in luxury, she met disaster bravely and unflinchingly when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and of whom in recounting the sad story of her life—and how in a few hours she found herself instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support—the New York *Herald* said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." To-day Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

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How Mrs. Ayer accidentally obtained the formula for the Famous Recamier Cream.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvellous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was the one used by her beautiful and famous ancestor, Julie Recamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Recamier retained until her death.

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Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots and blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

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GABRIELLE HOPE.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Gabrielle Hope was twenty nine, and not married—indeed she had very strong ideas of her own on the subject of matrimony. She thought that, when a woman devoted her whole life to one man, she had nothing left for the rest of his fellow-creatures; indeed it was her very decided opinion that mankind in general required so much improving that no thoughtful woman was justified in selfishly devoting her life to one man in particular, especially when such service meant a life of ease and pleasure for herself.

It was certainly true that Miss Hope had never had a proposal in her life—a fact which, her friends maliciously suggested, might have had something to do with her opinions upon the subject of marriage. It was also true however that her life had been far too practical and busy, far too full of many interests, to allow of any time for love-making.

She believed thoroughly in the possibility of improving the condition of the human race, and threw herself, heart and soul, into the task of bringing the amelioration about.

With all her enthusiasm, Miss Hope had no self-conceited ideas about her own particular work. She was too much in earnest, believed far too passionately in the gradual elevation of the human race, to be anything but humble as to her own share in placing the steps on which humanity was to rise. So intensely did she hope and desire that her greatest efforts seemed to be too trifling to be noticed among those of others.

One of Gabrielle Hope's pet theories was that a woman, so long as she went about doing good, was perfectly safe, and need never fear molestation at the hands of the humanity she was trying to help, no matter how degraded the people among whom she worked might be. As she lived in the very center of a community of colliers—a class not distinguished as a rule for elevation of thought or high moral principles—she had every opportunity of putting this theory into practice.

Acting up to it, Miss Hope was walking unattended along a rather lonely country lane one Saturday afternoon, just as the dusk of the short winter day was stealing over the fields and had almost hidden the tall chimneys of the distant factories. She was on her way to a little but near an old shaft which had long since ceased to be worked, where every Saturday afternoon she held a class for rough collier-lads. She had started the class only a month before, so that it was hardly yet in working order, and, though the steady earnest light in her gray eyes was as bright as ever, there was a rather anxious expression on her face, which had lost the pretty freshness of thoughtless girlhood. Some of Gabrielle's old friends said she had fallen off dreadfully; but people who had not known her in her days of girlish prettiness found a beauty in her which satisfied them.

The hut appeared in view at last, looking desolate and dreary enough, with many signs of neglect and ruin surrounding it. She glanced round, but none of her pupils were in sight, although she was rather late. Could they have come and gone? Rough and undisciplined as they were, it was not improbable that they had grown tired of waiting for a lesson which they did not care much about, and had gone back to the village.

The door of the hut was open, and she entered, hoping to find at least one or two lads inside. The place was empty; but, as she stepped into it, looking round with a sense of disappointment—she had so hoped that she had begun to make some impression on the lads!—the door closed sharply behind her, while a shout of hoarse laughter, the sound of a heavy bolt shot outside, and the sudden darkness betrayed the dreadful fact that she was the victim of a cruel jest, probably perpetrated by the young savages whom she was trying to help.

With an indignant exclamation she sprang towards the door, striking it sharply with her hands and calling in a high-pitched tone:

"Lads, what do you mean? You shouldn't play such silly tricks!"

A shout of derisive laughter, the sound of a "war-dance" of heavy boots, and a shower of gravel and stones flung against the door—which was securely barred against her efforts to open it—was the only response.

Gabrielle's eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, she discovered the fact, as she glanced desperately round the hut, that the window too had been blocked up. It had all been premeditated, for the window was closed on the outside by means of two or three boards nailed securely against it.

"The shameful creatures!" she cried passionately, a sense of their injustice and ingratitude giving force to her indignation. "Only to think—"

She ran back to the door and thumped it again, ordering them at once to let her out. But her captors discerned only the humor of the situation, for they had been indulging in copious libations at a public house in the neighborhood. They shouted and jeered and treated her to volleys of rough wit and sarcasm, till her eyes were filled with tears of bitterness and her cheeks flushed crimson.

"The brutes!" she exclaimed. "They are all tipsy!"

Her words were quite true, though three of the lads, under her coaxing and exhortations, had taken the pledge the week before.

She stood there in the darkness, her hands tightly clasped, her slender stately figure drawn up to its full height, though her lips were quivering with anger and shame and the gray eyes gleamed with a fierce determination not generally seen in their grave earnest depths.

An idea suddenly occurred to her. How foolish she had been not to think of it before! The hut was divided into two compartments. There was a little door at the back, opening on to one of the great moats of rubbish and rubbish; they might not have closed that. She was not afraid. If she could get outside, she would tell them what she thought of their disgraceful conduct. She groped her way in the direction of the other room, stumbling in the dark over a piece of wood and striking her hand against a rusty nail in the wall in trying to save herself from falling. Her tender flesh was torn, but she did not feel the pain as she groped her way through the low entrance into the smaller room and felt along the wall until she came to the door.

With a wildly-beating heart she raised the latch, and the door moved. She almost cried aloud in her joy; but the next moment she uttered a scream of terror, as some one, with a clattering of loose stones and earth, seemed to tumble with half the mound of rubbish into the hut.

A half-suppressed but perfectly distinguishable imprecation came from the lips of the intruder; then there was a fiercer and wilder yell from the wretches outside, and a hasty stampede of rough heavy feet as they ran round to the back of the hut. Before Gabrielle knew what was happening, the door was slammed to amid renewed shouts of delight. Then she heard the sound of rubbish, stones, and gravel clattering down against the door, as the colliers barricaded this last exit; and her heart was filled with hopeless despair.

Miss Hope's feelings, however, were trifling indeed when compared with the fury of the individual who was about to share her apparently forgetting the presence of a lady, he anathematised his captors to his heart's content between his thumpings at the barricaded door.

"Open at once, you scoundrels, or else you'll pay dearly for it! I'm your master; you'll find that out soon enough if you don't obey!"

But the angry command only brought down an avalanche of earth and stones, as the lads, enjoying the fun more than ever, danced about like savages after a war-feast.

"Oh, don't exasperate them any more" cried Miss Hope. "We shall have the whole of that mound down on us, and be buried alive! Is really isn't safe!"

"It wouldn't be safe for them if I were outside!" exclaimed her fellow prisoner, groping his way in the darkness to where she stood. "Miss Hope!"

"Gabrielle started as he addressed her, for she had not recognized his voice at first, never having heard him utter such forcible if inelegant language as he had just been using.

"Mr. Tylor! How did you come here?" she exclaimed, straining her eyes in the endeavor to see his face in the dark; but she could distinguish only the outline of a tall powerful figure.

"How! I'm sure I can hardly say myself. I was passing along by the road, and heard shouts; so, suspecting mischief, I just came over to look, and——" But Mr. Tylor was too excited for further explanation, and began thumping the door again. "Look here! you seem to be laboring under some delusion!" he shouted to the lads outside. "Just remember that I am Mark Tylor, your master; and, if you don't open the door at once and apologize to Miss Hope for your infamous conduct, you will have my service to-morrow!"

A volley of howls and jeers was the only answer.

"Mark Tylor!" "Our master!" "Our fiddlesticks!" "Our master been'a an old softy like you!" "Make a match o' it!" "Give us summat to drink your health!" "Ask the master to give us a holiday to look at the wedding!"

Miss Hope shrank back into the darkest corner she could find. Mr. Tylor's face grew whiter and his language more forcible, and he studiously kept his eyes turned away from his companion, as if the darkness did not suffice to hide the shamed and drinking figure.

"I am afraid," he said a few minutes later, finding that his efforts were fruitless, "that they don't realize the enormity of their conduct. They would never dare to behave so if they did. But of course I have been very much away, and have not had time yet to make my influence felt to all the men. You will say this is a fitting punishment for an absentee landlord."

He spoke lightly, ignoring the fact that she had heard the bewildering words of his mischievous colliery lads. She understood his meaning and was gratified, though his careless, easy manner did not prevent the hot, crimson flush from still lingering in her cheeks.

"All we can do is to wait a little while till they have tired themselves out. In the meantime, if we only had a candle to light up this dismal hole, we might be more comfortable."

Miss Hope was so intensely relieved when she found that Mr. Tylor made no allusion to his frequently-expressed prophecies as to what would one day happen to her if she persisted in going about unattended, that the instinct of rebellion which his presence had at first roused in her breast gave place to meekness.

"I believe there are some candles, if the boys haven't taken them, in the other room," she said, her voice a little less steady then usual.

He struck a match, and together they made their way into the inner room, he guiding her footsteps. A good many matches had to be burnt before the candles were found in a wooden box, and, meanwhile, as Miss Hope stood in the middle of the room, in an attitude of misery and despair, while Mr. Tylor groped about, tumbling over various things and making the place ring with the dreadful oaths, she had to think over the fulfilment of his prophecies. But the candles were found at last, and with a triumphant exclamation, Mr. Tylor succeeded in lighting one and fixing it upright on the narrow ledge of the window.

"Now we're all right!" he said, with a smile, looking at her face with keen eager eyes. He was positive that once, while a match was burning, he had seen tears in her eyes, so he had not planned his plan without a hope. "But, Miss Hope, what is the matter? You are hurt!"

He stepped quickly to her side, for he had caught sight of the wounded hand, which was still bleeding.

"It is nothing," she replied, trying to smile, but not succeeding very well, for the hand was throbbing with pain, and should be bandaged till she could scarcely bear to touch it. She put it behind her so that he should not see it.

"Give it to me!" he said peremptorily. "There is one thing I have learned knocking about as an absentee landlord, and that is how to dress a wounded hand."

In spite of his pleasant smile and the kindly look in his eyes, he evidently meant to be obeyed, and Miss Hope submitted. His face grew pale as he looked at the little pink palm which was torn so cruel ly.

"Those," he began again, and then checked himself, as if the remembrance of his danger in his hand recalled him to a sense of propriety. "Give me that necktie!" he said. "Do you mind my tearing it?"

She declared that she did not mind, and unfastened the little white-silk necktie with her disengaged hand.

Gently and tender fingers he bound up the ugly wound, she standing perfectly still in silent obedience. The look of concern in his face seemed to grow her a little, for her pale face flushed, and she evidently felt uneasy. As he finished, he murmured some words that made her look up inquiringly for a moment, then walked over to the candle, which apparently needed re-arranging. It was leaning dangerously near to a crevice in the wall through which a current of air was pouring. It was such very greasy work arranging the spluttering candle that Miss Hope, watching them, began to take quite an interest in his efforts. Mr. Tylor's dandyism—or what she considered such—had always excited her contempt, and the idea which she had always had a certain feeling of scorn for the absentee landlord, even before she had seen him. When he came home she had heard Mrs. Wilkins, two months before, she had been prepared to dislike and despise him intensely.

He turned suddenly as she was watching him, and interpreted the expression on her face correctly. Judging from the twinkle of amusement in his eyes, he was not at all angry with her. He glanced down at his well-shaped hands, and said ruefully:

"I don't like tallow-candles. They don't smell very pleasantly."

"And you don't like to have anything to do with disagreeable things, Mr. Tylor."

"I would rather have to do with pleasant things. But I think a gentleman ought to have dirty hands, Miss Hope?"

"No—certainly not!" she answered, with some signs of discomfiture. His question, though innocently asked, seemed in some way to challenge the opinion she had formed of him. "Why should you ask such a thing?"

"I don't know. Only sometimes I fancy you think my hands look too clean. They're not particularly white either. I don't often wear gloves—and they're grimy enough now." He looked down again with an expression of dismay at his grimy hands.

Miss Hope, still with the same feeling of scorn towards him, looked too; but she was compelled to own that the hand, though well shaped and carefully tended, was strong and steady.

"Do you like it better to-day?" he asked abruptly.

The question was so unexpected that she started, and then flushed hotly, raised and indignant at his having again read her thoughts correctly.

"It isn't a very interesting subject," she said, with a mocking smile.

"No, it is not," he agreed meekly. Then he sat down at the opposite end of the bench. "There seems to be less noise outside," he said, after a few moments. "I'll have another try at the doors by-and by. But I think, if you don't mind, it is best to wait a little longer. They'll soon get tired; and it's advisable not to rouse them. The young wretches—I'll give them a lesson to-morrow, and——"

But Miss Hope's feelings had been undergoing a change, and some of her pet theories were getting the upper hand again.

"Oh, please don't!" she interposed, turning quickly, and in her eagerness moving a little nearer to him. "After all, they don't know any better. And one must be patient. I'm sure I felt so angry at first. They are such poor, rough, ignorant boys that——"

A loud yell and another sharp shower of stones on the rough walls made her start and stop abruptly.

"Yes," said Mr. Tylor, "they are certainly rough and ignorant, a little brutal too, treating the kind tender-hearted teacher—"

"Oh, please don't!" she exclaimed, in distress. "I don't really like it!"

"I'm sure I don't!" he declared, so emphatically that Miss Hope glanced at him rather dubiously. "It's a change," he went on, "from drawing-rooms. You know even the absence of tea is a relief. But, all the same—"

"Oh, no, you really mustn't do it!"

"Do what?"—"Why, punish the boys."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, with such earnest interest that almost unconsciously he moved a little nearer to her. "You don't think it would improve them? Of course I will leave it to you; you know best. I'm much too ignorant to read these young ruffians' characters. You are so clever at it that—"

"Mr. Tylor—please! You are laughing at me! It isn't kind. I know I am apt to be prejudiced and think too much of my own judgment; but I didn't know—"

"Tha' I could use such bad language," he said calmly, as she paused, distressed and vexed. "Really the provocation was so great, to say nothing of the surprise, that I quite forgot there was a lady present."

"Oh, I didn't mind that at all!" exclaimed Miss Hope. "I only hope—"

"That I sha'n't do it again? I promise you I won't," he said gravely.

This was not quite what she was going to say; but his cool way of taking up her words disturbed her so that she could not make up her mind whether she was amused, distressed, or disappointed. It seemed to her as though this Mr. Tylor were always going to have some baneful influence over the calm earnestness of her working life. From the very first time she had met him till this terrible evening, when she was forced in this ignominious fashion to sup with his society, every encounter, every argument—even the sight of him in a room, in the street, or in church—had distressed her to such an extent that she could never tell whether it was intense dislike or a disturbing interest that he excited in her.

She was so agitated by conflicting feelings that she became aware of her hands lying clasped on her knee, her face turned slightly away from him. Suddenly a faint cry broke from her lips, and, with a swift movement, gathering her skirts closer round her, she drew still nearer to him.

"What is it, Miss Hope?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing!" she replied, feeling so much ashamed of herself, and trying bravely to sit still, but with an unmistakable expression of fear on her face. "It is only a beetle—a black one—and I don't like black beetles. And I think it's coming towards me! Oh!"

The faint "Oh" appeared to delight him immensely, judging from the mischievous light in his eyes as he moved hurriedly to her end of the form. There was a very fine specimen of the beetle half on the edge of the form, apparently anxious to seek the shelter of Miss Hope's shadow. Mr. Tylor seized it quickly in his fingers.

"Don't kill it, poor thing!" pleaded Gabrielle, with a shudder of disgust, striving hard to preserve her self-control.

He carried the objectionable insect towards the other room and dropped it into the darkness beyond; but when he came back she looked ashamed of herself for her fears.

"What will you think of me? It is so dreadfully silly at my age too. But I have never got over my dislike to the poor things, though I have tried since I was quite a little girl."

"I don't think you need go on trying," he said. "I hate tallow-candles but I don't make any effort to get over the feeling. I don't think it is of any use doing so. Besides, it is rather nice to feel that you are not above all human weaknesses."

He sat down again, but this time much nearer the middle of the bench. If she disliked being too near him, she did not notice his position.

"Mr. Tylor, you need not make me so ashamed of myself! I didn't think I appeared so conceited and silly to you."

A strange grave expression came into Mr. Tylor's eyes as he answered:

"It is I who should complain. It is you who have misjudged me—I only meant what I said. You seem to me to be so far above common follies that you are beyond the reach of poor mortals, unless they are as rough and ignorant as colliers. You don't mind condescending if the subject is low enough!"

His concluding words were spoken in quite a different tone; perhaps he had noticed her slight movement towards the end of the form again.

"I don't know," she said, in a low tone, "if you are laughing at me or not. I only know that I would give my life to help them; it is so terrible to see the poor with their narrow lives, their lack of all that makes life easy and happy to us! And I can do so little!"

The last vibration of sorrow in emotion in her voice touched the man, for suddenly his eyes grew very tender. He rose and walked to the end of the room, and then came back and sat down again, this time in the middle of the form.

"It is lucky for the world that there are such women as you," he said. "We should all be better if we were drawn within their influence; but some men are unlucky. I think I am—I was never taught to care much for the people who were on a lower level than myself. My father let me do as I liked, and my mother died when I was quite a child. Wife, I was going to the property I was just about twenty-three, and had never had anything to do with business affairs. I had hitherto only spent money, and, from feeling that I had money to spend, I didn't take any interest in how it was got. I thought of money only as a means of enabling me to know about and travel and do as I liked. But somehow—through traveling about the world, I suppose—I picked up a few ideas which induced me to come home two months ago. You will say that ten years was a long time for a man to take to learn that other men had souls and bodies like himself. But the most difficult lessons were still necessitate time to learn; and so it was only two months since that I came home, determined to lead a different life. But I'm not sure whether I have not begun too late. Do you think thirty-three is too old, Miss Hope, for a man to begin a new course of life?"

"No—not if he is in earnest," she replied, in a low, tremulous tone.

"But it will be hard," he rejoined, drawing nearer to her; "for I am so ignorant—I don't even know how to begin. See what I did to-day! What a nice example in the matter of language I set the boys you've been so patiently training!" A faint smile lighted up his face, and evident security pleased her. "Don't you think, Miss Hope," he went on, "that you might just take me in hand as well—work downwards, you know—make the master a good example for the men to follow!"

He was obliged to be very cautious. He saw how the slender figure was trembling, and what a troubled look there was on the pale face; but he still spoke in a quiet half-indifferent tone.

"How can I teach you?" she queried, looking up into his handsome face.

"There are a great many ways in which you could help me; but there is one particular way—[illegible] way, and——"

"Don't mention any one way in particular!" she cried in a strange passionate tone. "You must not forget that I belong to all—to all who are in trouble, to all who are suffering and sinning. I could do nothing that would take me away from them."

"You mean that you would not give much of your life to one because you are afraid that you would have too little left for others. But is not that a mistake? Could not two do more good and useful work than one alone? Could not double efforts, double talents do more than single ones? There is another way of looking at it too. You have such far-reaching, such grand ambitions—could not wealth do something in the way of helping you to realize them? It would build schools and open homes, and rescue the distressed. Would it not—pairty as it is—help a noble life which gives all, which cripples and sacrifices itself that others may have, which goes without all pleasures—nay, even some necessities—so that out of her woman's——"

"Don't, Mr. Tylor!"—but it was the vibration in his voice rather than the words he uttered which moved her so terribly. "I do so little; you must not think that I am such a woman as you describe. I have little to give, but what I give I give willingly, and——"

"Then will you not give me something too—the power of helping you to help others? Gabrielle, Gabrielle, be the angel of my life as you are the good angel of others' lives! Teach me too, and let me work by your side. I will not claim your life selfishly. I know what you think of marriage; but, darling, it shall not be so in our case. I would not have my wife different from the woman I first learned to love."

He had moved nearer to her as he spoke. All the mischievous light had gone out of his eyes, and his face was as troubled and pale as her own. He went on again—and his voice was strained to hoarseness—"I love you! If you desire it, I promise you that our love shall go out of our lives to other men, and make them happy with its blessing as you have made me happy."

"Mr. Tylor," she said, turning her eyes to his, "I want to do what is right."

The beautiful gray eyes were filled with tears, while the lips, no longer steady with grave sweetness, quivered and drooped. She did not shrink away from him, for she was too painfully agitated fully to understand what his words meant.

Mark Tylor looked down into the upturned face, a curious darkening of doubt and fear in his eyes. Was he asking for more than she could give? Was he really entreating her to act in opposition to her life's ideal? He looked into her face, her arm brushed against his by accident, but the touch seemed to thrill him. It revealed in all its force the great desire of his heart; he felt more keenly than ever that this was a woman to be won, and who would be worthy the winning. She was so close to him that her breath fanned his cheek, so close that he could feel the trembling of her slender form. Some sudden impulse born of his passionate love told him how to win his answer. Before she could move, his arm encircled her waist and his lips were pressed to hers.

"Let me tell you how to answer me, my love, my Gabrielle! Just say, 'I love you,' and then you will have acted rightly. Can you say that?"

Probably that was what her heart had been trying to say every day during the past two months. She must have been satisfied, after all, that she was right, for they sat for nearly half an hour longer on the rough bench. They talked a good deal, for broken disconnected way; and their conversation certainly was not about the wicked collier-boys and how to do them good, for they did not even know that they had gone off and left them to their fate.

They were first aroused to the present by a timid tap at the barricaded door, and a voice which sounded very sorrowful and contrite calling to Miss Hope.

"Some of your hopeful pupils," said Mark Tylor, with the old mischievous light in his eyes. "We'll begin our improving lessons together at once."

Gabrielle was either too subdued, too happy, or too bewildered to resent his behavior, and only laughed a tremulous little laugh, which sounded so pleasant to her incorrigible new pupil that he had to pause before going to the door and kiss her fondly.

"I'll forgive them for the sake of the match they have brought about," he said, looking down at Miss Gabrielle Hope's pretty flushing face. "If we hadn't been shut up here with that tallow-candle—"

"And the black beetle," interposed Gabrielle, retreating to a safe distance from his long arms.

"And the black-beetle, I should never have dared to ask you. That black-beetle gave me courage. It was such a relief to find that you were only a woman after all."

She did not dare resent his mocking sarcasm this time, for fear of the consequences. He seemed so exceedingly ready to keep the upper hand now that she thought it was best to submit. She only laughed, and begged him to go and open the door, as the lads, which he knocking, panied by occasional sobs, still continued. Mark went over to the door, and, after much pulling and shaking from inside, and a great deal of swearing from outside, which must be a recuing party outside, it was at last burst open.

There in the new deep twilight stood half a dozen lads. They were, some of the culprits, have they looked rather scared, as if fearing that they might be held responsible; and one of them—the youngest—was crying.

At the sight of Mr. Tylor their consternation was most amusing to witness. They would have run away had not the youngest boy, with sobs and tears, rushed up to Miss Hope, who stood just inside the hut.

"Oh, I just thought they'd killed you! They were all drunk. I heard them going on, but I didn't dare come near; so I waited till they'd clean gone, and then I got together a few chaps, and—and——" At this point the poor little boy broke down completely.

In his eyes Miss Gabrielle Hope was an angel. The other boys' faces, sheepish though they were, all expressed their relief at seeing that their good friend was unharmed.

"They didn't know you was there, sir," said the eldest boy to Mr. Tylor, who was looking on the scene with much interest, and thinking that Gabrielle certainly did look rather like an angel, "or they'd have never dared. But to think of their doing it to Miss Hope! They're a new lot them; they haven't had time yet to know what Miss Hope is. They'd never do that in six months' time. Lor, she is a brick, sir!"

Mr. Tylor patted the lad on the head, distributed shillings all round, and then took Miss Gabrielle Hope back to her own home.

The shock of discovering who the gentleman was whom they had treated so badly rather sobered the colliers the next day. Mr. Tylor did not punish them, but he had them brought before him, and harangued them to such good effect, with such judicious mention of Miss Gabrielle Hope's tender loving forbearance, that they retired from his presence considerably ashamed of themselves.

All the men working at the famous colliery cheered themselves hoarse at a wedding which took place very soon afterwards—a wedding which upset one theory of Miss Gabrielle Hope's.

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Spuggs—Luck! Not much. We only played to four kerosene lamps, and two of them went out after the first act.

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Mrs. Hayseed (on a crowded New York thoroughfare)—Sakes alive! How air we goin' to git across the street?

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Queen Mab.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! I say, Doll, old girl, where are you? I've a letter from the governor, and—"

She stopped abruptly, flushing crimson all over her small, saucy face, to the very roots of her tangled, red gold hair.

She had run upon—not Dorothy, her sister, in her favorite seat under the laburnums, but a man—tall, dark, haughty—smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper with all the nonchalance in the world.

Mab's consternation amused him, evidently, for his eyes smiled although his lips were grave.

"I hope the governor is well?" he said, easily, lifting a silk tile from a dusky, leonine head. "Your governor happens to be my stepmamma's brother, I believe—to come down to the laws of kinship. I am Lawrence Barry, generally dubbed Larry by those fortunate enough to know and love me."

"Indeed!"—resentfully.

He was laughing at her, of course, the great, black giant. She had often—too often, now that she saw him—heard of the great criminal lawyer, Lawrence Barry.

What was he doing here where there were no criminals to try?

"I was looking for my sister," she said, coldly. "This is where I always find her when in the garden. She put that seat there herself!"—regarding the late occupier of it with suspicion.

He looked actually concerned.

"It is in your eyes to accuse me of having done away with her," he said, in deep, rich, basso tones. "To prove my innocence I will gladly join in the search. Why, here she comes now, in the flesh—such exquisite flesh!" he said, reproachfully, as Dorothy came sauntering up the shady winding walk.

"Why, Mr. Barry," she exclaimed, eagerly, when did you come?"

"Last night, or, rather"—shaking hands warmly—"in 'the wee sma' hours ayont the twal.' Our appearance, Miss Dorothy, is quite *apropos*"—with a comical glance toward Mab, which that angry young lady ignored.

"I have a letter from papa, Dorothy," she said, sedately. "He is coming up this afternoon."

She would have added "Bother" but for the amusement she fancied it would have given the criminal lawyer to witness her vexation over the news.

They walked back to breakfast together, Dorothy and Barry conversing gayly of other occasions on which they had met—occasions on which Mab Kingsley was still a schoolgirl in pinafores, for Dorothy was eight years her senior, and—be it spoken softly—twenty-five.

Mab watched them critically, walking silently, a bit in the rear.

How pretty Dorothy looked, with her brown eyes a-sparkle, her lips apart, and how Larry Barry seemed to admire her.

For him—pooh! He was thirty-five, if a day, and black and fierce-looking as a Spanish pirate, if he wasn't so well-dressed, so modernly courteous-looking.

During breakfast, he seemed to take great pleasure in suddenly surprising her covert study of his strong, masterful face, and addressing questions to her—embarrassing questions.

At its close, he challenged her to a game of tennis, while Dorothy read to her invalid aunt in the morning-room.

Mab won the game by long odds. Indeed, great lawyer though he might be, Barry proved himself an execrable tennis-player, and went even a peg lower in Miss Kingsley's estimation.

She didn't like him at all; he embarrassed, awed, annoyed her so.

"I'll go read for auntie, and you can play with Dorothy," she said, coldly. "I don't care for tennis any more."

"Ah, I was hoping you would teach me the art. I am such a novice"—regretfully. "But, neither do I, now. I'll go and hear you read, too."

Mab turned in the path and faced him fiercely.

"No you won't either. You've been making fun of me in your sleeve ever since this morning when—when we met, and I don't think it one bit nice of you!"—her voice intense with passion. "I won't read for auntie if you come to listen."

He bowed coldly. The look in his eyes made Mab's heart flutter with a gnawing pain, which, poor child, she could not understand.

"I will not try to plead my case, Queen Mab. It would be useless. I can only hope that Time, the great evener, will cheer away your prejudices. As God is my judge, I have not been making fun of you. How could I, child!"—in a tender, reproachful voice which hurt her more than anger could. "From the moment I laid my weary eyes upon you I thought you the dearest, sweetest of little step-cousins, and I would not willingly hurt one chord of your heart for words. But 'tis my misfortune to be misconstrued."

He lifted his hat and walked away.

A great sob choked Mab's throat. With a fearful pang of pain she realized the truth in the revulsion of feeling that possessed her.

She—she loved him! Loved him at first sight, loved him in an hour with the love which must be her doom, because it must live forever.

She threw herself down on the grass and cried as if her heart would break.

She longed for his forgiveness, his touch, the sight of the dark eyes that had so tenderly reproached her harshness.

But it was not Lawrence Barry's voice which broke in upon her convulsive sobs.

"Well, you little fool!"

And starting up she beheld her father in the pathway, regarding her with amazed wrath.

"What's the matter! Get up and quit your whimpering," he commanded, in his usual forceful way—the way which made him obnoxious to his wilful, younger daughter.

She obeyed.

"Where is Dolly?" he asked, concerning himself no more about her tears or their cause.

When he had gone up the marble steps and disappeared from sight, Mab clinched her small fist and shook it after him.

"I hate you—hate you, and some day I'll pay you back for all your meanness to me," she muttered, bitterly.

Then angry, passionate, rebellious of heart, she sauntered off to the woods, and did not return till dark.

Dorothy was in her room, beautifully dressed and radiant.

"Papa says I must captivate Lawrence Barry while we stay here," she laughed heartlessly. "He says he is rich, influential, and the smartest man at the bar to-day. Besides, he is handsome, fascinating, and—I'll try, anyway."

Disgusted and sad for her own future, Mab went to her room in silence.

She had never wasted much time or money on dress, but to-night, stirred by some irresistible impulse, she slipped into her prettiest frock, a robe of clinging black lace, which enhanced the fairness of her skin, the gold of her curling hair.

Dorothy was in the parlor singing with Lawrence Barry, when she came down.

Barry's voice was a rich rare tenor. It went to her heart with a pleasure and pain so intense, that she could not bear to listen in sight, so stealing out, unseen, as she thought, she wandered near until the song had ended, and she heard the singers laughing on the balcony.

Next day she went to her father.

"I—I want to go home," she said. "How long must I stay here?"

"Until I am ready to tell you to leave," he answered, harshly, and turning upon his heel, fled from her temper, as he chose to term the just reproaches she heaped upon his sardonic head.

Sauntering near, Lawrence Barry had heard the question and answer, the wild storm which followed. His face softened, yet darkened vengefully.

"Poor little one!" he muttered. "I always knew Kingsley was a brute at core; but—By Jove! dare I?"

A sudden thought—fearful, delicious, bold—had entered his handsome head.

He paused an instant, then:

"I'll do it," he said coolly. "I'll take her away from him, from this obnoxious life of hers and, please Heaven, make her happier! mine."

An instant later he had her crumpled up in his arms; a dilapidated young creature, with wild eyes looking through her tangled, golden hair.

"Dear little girl!" he whispered, kissing away her tears. "Don't—don't push me away, Mab, Queen Mab. I won't go, so it's no use. I love you, and I shall love you all the days of my life if you will come to me, little one. I'm old, cynical, embittered, perhaps; but I shall guard you, love you all the better. Will you come, my little love of a day?"

The answer satisfied him. It was a fierce burst of tears, a closer clinging of dear, little hands.

Daniel Kingsley swore when he heard it. That the daughter he hated, had always abused, should take the place he had intended for the daughter he had pampered, adored!

He swore again; and Dorothy—pretty Dorothy—cried with mortification.

But it was all useless. Barry was not the man to be thwarted in a purpose: and luckily, for the little girl he married for pity, and because he liked her immensely, as he told himself, soon became the joy, the pride, the light of his heart under happier circumstances.

How Turkish Harems are Filled.

The polygamous Turkish Beys and Agas, whose hitherto regular supply of Circassian girls from the Caucasus has been cut off from them since the annexation of the province by Russia, have recourse now to a bold system of rape. They swoop down upon an Armenian village, with their acoytes, and carry off to their harems, by main force, as many good-looking girls and women as they can lay hands on. This is permitted to them; and the *modus operandi* by which the abduction of Armenian girls is rendered legal by the Moslem Judges may be summed up as follows: When the relatives present themselves in court to claim the abducted victim, the ravishers are ready with a brace of Moslem witnesses (100 could be produced if wanted), who declare on oath that the kidnapped woman pronounced in their presence the regular formula of the faith: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The Judge thereupon dismisses the case on the ground that the stolen and ravished girl has by that profession abjured her former faith and embraced Mohammedanism. And the verdict of these upright judges is not to be set aside.—*New Review.*

A Fair Estimate.

Mr. Seersucker—I say, my friend, what's the difference between a pair of trousers and a pair of pants?

Tailor—Four dollars and a half.—*Time.*

A Common Ailment.

Frappe—Say, Scribbler! Did you ever have writer's cramp?

Scribbler—Yes. I have it nearly all the time.

"Is that so? Isn't there anything that will cure it?"

"Yes, about ten dollars would ease it considerably."—*Time.*

A Miserable Existence Prolonged

Farmer Squashead (observing a metropolitan dally on the counter of the village store): What! Ain't that air paper busted up yet? Why I quit takin' it fifteen years ago. —*Time.*

The Wrong Train.

First Train Robber (out West)—Hullo, Bill, how'd yer git along wid that job ter-day?

Second Train Robber (sadly)—Didn't git along noway. Got the wrong train.

"Eh? Didn't yer git the express?"

"Naw; we made a mistake an' struck an excursion of real estate agents, an' they took every cent we had."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Before and After.

Mrs. Honimune—You used to say pretty things about linked sweetness, and all that.

Mr. Honimune—Well, I am just as fond of linked sweetness as ever.

Mrs. Honimune—But you repel my caresses.

Mr. Honimune—Simply a change of taste, my dear, from kisses to sausages.

The Horses had Brains.

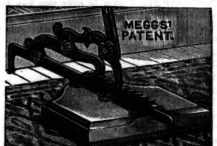
Down street the other day there was a big truck loaded with boxes stalled across the street car track. The driver of the truck was shouting and lashing his horses, and, after two or three attempts to move the load, they gave up in despair. The driver of the car was an old man, and, after watching things for a few minutes, he stepped down and approached the truckman and queried:

"Did you ever see a horse's head dissected?"

"Naw! What are ye givin' me!" was the angry reply.

"Well, you'd better find opportunity some day. You'll be perfectly astonished. You imagine that his head is hollow, or stuffed with bran or sawdust, but you are way off. Nature gave him brains. Let me prove it."

He stepped to their heads, rubbed their noses, spoke a few kind words, and then called upon them to put forth all their strength. They buckled down to it, pulled together, and the truck went over the rails and far beyond. The crowd cheered, the car driver looked pleased, and the truckman got away as soon as possible to hide his chagrin.



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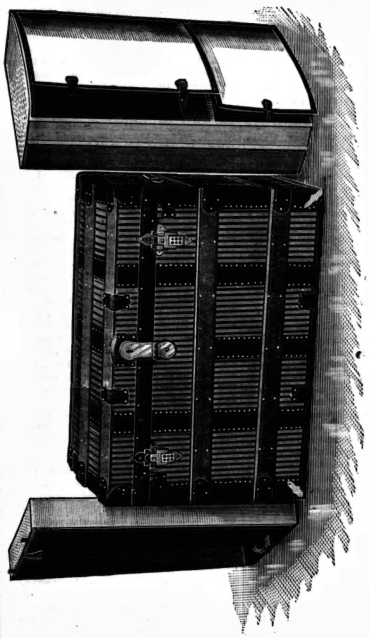

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She—Yes, and the first thing he did was to lose his situation!—*Life.*

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Music.

There has been no dearth of music during the last ten days. Quite a brilliant series of entertainments was ushered in by the Nora Clench concert on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst. The New Academy of Music, in which this entertainment took place, is a beautiful room, and has excellent acoustic properties. The seats are comfortable and roomy, and the slope of the floor makes each seat a good one, while the loges in the gallery take off all idea of formality. The entertainment itself—when once it was fairly launched—was one of the best we have had in Toronto. All the artists pleased and were of extreme excellence. But it took a long time to start the affair—artistic jealousies and bickerings with decidedly inartistic heartaches made it 8.45 before the lyre was struck. A little promptness of decision and a little peremptory insistence on "business" would have relieved the management of the odium which was its share of the matter.

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Miss Nora Clench was naturally the cynosure of all eyes—and ears. Her studies abroad have strengthened her tone and enlarged her experience. She has a fine, broad, and resonant tone and she has also abundant executive facility, and she plays with wonderful ease and grace, and with the most charming manner in the world. She is artistic and finished in all she does and won the affections of her audience at once. She has all the refinement and elegance, and certainly all the severity of her school, yet I miss a something, best described as a tender, sympathetic quality in her tone, and which I think was due to both her own temperament and the instruction of Mr. Joseph Baumann. Mme. Moran Wyman has a fine contralto voice and of wide range, and is a very satisfactory singer. Voice, cultivation, style and taste all combine very happily in her performances. Mr. Whitney Mockridge was in fine voice and sang delightfully. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler was a revelation. She is a pianist with wonderful resources of power, brilliancy, softness and depth of feeling, and with the richest and most artistic phrasing. She presents constant contrasts of the most pleasing description. She has a beautifully pearly, liquid touch which never loses its roundness and freshness, whether she plays loudly or softly. Her agility is surprising, with such certainty and such variation of expression. Her Lucia paraphrase for the left hand only was a clever piece of work, not often shown here nowadays, but more remarkable as an instance of the possible, than for its artistic merit.

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On the following evening a large and well-pleased audience attended the annual concert of St. George's Society at the Pavilion when an excellent though long programme was performed under Mr. Schuch's direction. His choir rendered valuable assistance by its fine singing of several choruses and glees. The chief attraction of the programme was Mrs. Agnes Thomson, who sang better that ever before. She gave an exceedingly fine rendering of Una Voce, and sang two ballads as well. Of these she was excellently suited in She Wore a Wreath of Roses, which she sang beautifully. In the Inflammatus, sung with the choir, she rendered the exacting music with the greatest ease and richness of voice. Her voice has gained in robust quality, and her style is more careful and correct than ever. Miss Langstaff sang two ballads with great taste and expression, and also sang a patriotic song by Dr. McCaul with good effect. Mr. Arlidge, as always, was in good state, and his flute solo thoroughly pleased everybody. Mr. Dinelli played two piano solos in a manner which showed him to be a clever performer on the piano as well as on the cello. He, with Mr. Fairclough, played the accompaniments. Miss Jessie Alexander was in her cleverest vein and was loudly encored for her fine readings. In this department able assistance was rendered by Mr. Grant Stewart, whose funny musical sketch was loudly applauded.

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The same evening saw a large audience at Elm street Church, attracted by the announcement that Mrs. Humphrey-Allen and Mr. George Parker of Boston would take part in the programme. The lady is one of the most artistic singers on the continent, and did not disappoint those who had relied on her reputation. Her voice is a brilliant, clear soprano, and her method is of the best. Mr. Parker's tenor is a fine, sympathetic one, and his style and manner are most cultivated. The quartette and choir also gave a good account of themselves, as did Mrs. H. M. Blight, who presided at the organ.

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On Monday evening there was a regular surfeit of music, at all events it was a surfeit to those who were supposed to be in three places at once. Nadjy, one of the successes of the New York Casino, was being played at the Grand Opera House, and very well played it was, too. A really fine company, with beautiful fresh costumes, and their own scenery, made Nadjy one of the most interesting representations we have had in Toronto. Chassaigne, the composer of the music, was thoroughly eclectic as to the sources from which he drew his lyrics, but if in this respect he was not proud, he was at all events clever in his adaptation of them, though the bodily introduction of the Mignon Gavotte into Nadjy, may be clever, but it is very inglorious. The great Rakoczy march may very properly be brought in, as it is named after one of the characters of the opera, and it is used unsparingly in small sections.

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Still, the music is bright and good enough to please the casual listener, and is not so good as to deprive him of the power of concentrating his attention upon the stage. The stage is charming, full of pretty pictures and constant changes. The chorus is very good, though not without rivals in the past history of the Grand. The principals are of a superior class. Miss Helen Lamont, who was here in the Yeomen of the Guard, makes an Etelka who was much admired, while Miss Emma Hanley was very sprightly and vivacious as Nadjy. The gentlemen were very fair, though the two comedians Messrs. De Lange and Graham were exceedingly restless on the stage. The performance of Erminie by the same company was of equal excellence, and with the same faults.

•

On Monday evening Levy blew his trumpet at the New Academy of Music under the auspices of the Heintzman Band. He never blew better in Toronto, though here and there his lip did slip a little, but still the same old artistic phrasing and wonderful tone was to be found in very selection of the ten that he played. Mme. Rosa Linde, the contralto of the company, had been left at Williamsport, Pa., ill, and in consequence the programme had to be changed in many particulars. I was much pleased with the singing of Mr. William Lavin, who had been here as second tenor of the Meehan Quartette Club. He has improved very much, and now sings with great taste and in good style. Mme. Levy looked as handsome as ever, and sang about the same as ever, though her singing of the Last Rose of Summer was really excellent. The Heintzman Band played exceedingly well, and reflected great credit on Mr. Thos. Baugh, the leader, who has evidently taken great pains with his forces. The band gave an excellent rendition of the Tannhaeuser March, the Tell overture—which being encored, brought out the new French march, Pere des Victoires, a fine spirited composition—and the Trip to Coney Island, a clever, popular medley, in which the visit to the great Levy, was aptly illustrated by an air from the cornet of the master himself.

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On the same evening the first quarterly concert of the Conservatory of Music took place in Association Hall, when the advanced pupils of that institution performed a programme which was very interesting, though also very long.

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On Tuesday evening the second People's Popular Concert took place at the Pavilion. So far these concerts have not been as well attended this year as their merits deserve, and it is to be hoped the future efforts of the management will meet with more encouragement. Miss Jennie Hall Wade, a very pleasing soprano, made a strong impression on this occasion by her good singing. Mr. Warrington also renders valuable assistance. Whistling, "and sich," was contributed by Mr. Davidson. The Toronto Male Quartette sang extremely well, and was one of the strong features of the programme. The Chautauqua Orchestra, under Mr. Arthur Depew, played several numbers in a style that showed steady improvement in excellence.

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Mr. Clarence Lucas has written a violin concerto for Miss Clench which will shortly be played. It is presumably the first concerto written by a Canadian. It is in B minor, the first movement bold and decided; second movement, andante molto in E flat major; and third movement, brilliant alla polacca in B minor and major.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Surprises of Divorce, played at the Grand Opera House here last week, was a delightful bit of pleasantry wherewith to while away an hour or two. A satire on the divorces becoming so alarmingly common in certain places across the border as to be a byword and a reproach, Surprises of Divorce presents some of the mirthful complications that an imaginative mind might conceive as arising from such a condition of the laws governing marital separation. A man marries a girl who has a mother. The mother and the man cannot live together and a divorce is obtained. The next time, the man marries a girl who has a father. This father being away at a seaside resort meets with wife number one and her mother, is entangled in the meshes and marries his son-in-law's first wife. The possibilities of an entanglement of this kind are almost limitless and they have been well utilized. Although there were no particularly bright lights in the cast there were no dullards and everything moved along as smoothly as a bicycle on an asphalt pavement. The heaviest part of the work, perhaps, fell on Mr. J. H. Ryly, but he was quite equal to it as was also Mrs. Carrie Jamieson for her arduous and exacting *role*. Miss Adele Walters was charming as "Jo" and her laugh, if it was not the natural ebullition of a mirthful spirit, was a touch of genius. It gurgled forth with the spontaneity of a hillside spring and echoed with the melody of its murmur. When you heard it, faint images of turfy slopes and green trees and last summer's holidays flickered for an instant on the mental retina. It was a delightful little play all round.

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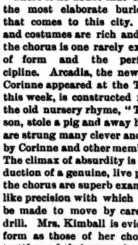
This week my column must take largely the form of a dream of fair women; for what more does comic opera and burlesque consist of at the present time? With Nadjy and Erminie at the Grand, and Corinne and her bevy of beauties at the Toronto Opera House, the local theatrical show has this week been one whirling, tumultuous, eddying sea of girl. But I must make one exception, and that is—Bootles' Baby. And, yet, Bootles' Baby is also a girl.

•

A very large audience was attracted to see Nadjy on Monday night, and not a whimper of dissatisfaction could be heard when they dispersed. For Nadjy is nothing if not a popular show. One has but to sit and let the sounds of music creep in his ears and let his senses dissolve in the harmonies of color and motion. These are the opiates and Nadjy is the dream. And when the dream is over one has but to shake off his lethargy and go out into the stern realism of life and let the images of pink femininity, of kings and queens arrayed with barbaric splendor, of castellated towns and bowers of delight, fade gradually away. There is no necessity for one to think, to display any emotion beyond, perhaps, a laugh. The only ones who need to think are those who write for the papers, and they have to think hard to say something new, for Nadjy is much like other comic operas we have seen. Comic opera does not do much in our day but get a new name. As a clever writer has said, "story has gone, sentiment is banished, irony sinks into burlesque, humanity is reduced to pink legs and restlessness that keeps time and tenderness is tramped out by the topical. A little change in music, a little change in phraseology, a little change in costumes and colors and you have it all. Although it has been stated that Nadjy is a comic opera with a plot, I cannot see that its plot is any more worthy of consideration than that of the average comic opera. The person who would care to know whether Rokoczy married Etelka at the last, would be curious to learn what became of the cow that kicked over the lantern that started the Chicago fire. But all the same Nadjy is a beautiful, bright and light show, and will bear seeing more than once. Miss Helen Lamont, who plays Etelka, does not shine when she does not sing. Miss Hanly was piquant and pleasing in the title *role*, and the comedy work of Miss Reynolds, Louis De Lange, and R. E. Graham was very clever. This company's presentation of Erminie has given general satisfaction.

•

A large and fashionable audience greeted the initial appearance in Toronto of Bootles' Baby at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening. The new house is splendidly illuminated with incandescent electric lights, and the scene in the balconies and on the floor of the house, where evening dress predominated, was a bright one. The story of Bootles' Baby is widely known through the medium of the book from which the play was taken. Capt. Gilchrist is secretly married to Miss Helen Grace, whom he binds to keep their union secret for some private reasons. When concealment is no longer possible in the circumstances he drives her away to London from which place she returns two years after to the barracks to leave her child with its father. Instead, however, of leaving the child in Capt. Gilchrist's room, she leaves it by mistake in that of Capt. Ferrer's (Bootles) who had formerly loved her, and being ignorant of her marriage, had once proposed for her hand. Bootles adopts the unknown child, who lives in the barracks for five years and becomes the soldiers' pet. On the regimental sports day five years after, the mother, having heard that her husband had gone to India, comes to see her child surreptitously. Capt. Ferrers again asks her to marry him, but is, of course, refused. In the course of the day's sports there is a pony polo race, and by some accident Capt. Gilchrist, who rides against Bootles, is fatally injured. He confesses his paternity of the child, but does not reveal who the mother is. When the bond of secrecy has been removed by death, however, the mother comes to claim her own and Bootles is made a happy man. The play is replete with those touches of nature which make "the whole world kin," and appeals especially to the womanly heart. The company contains a number of clever people. Mr. Stevenson, as Bootles, was unstrained and quietly powerful in many places. Miss Crane's impersonation of Helen Grace is capable of further improvement, although it showed careful work. Mr. Garthorne's Capt. Lucy was a delicious bit of drollery, as was also Fred Tyler's Saunders. Little Gertie Homan, as Mignon, left nothing to be desired.



The Suspect, the latest adaptation by Louis Nathal of Victor Segour's French play called Marquis Caporal, will be presented at the New Academy next week for four nights, commencing Monday night, with Wednesday matinee. The story of the play is a bit of stirring French history during the revolutionary period, and is said to possess uncommon merit—being peculiarly happy in the consistent and progressive increase of its strength from the first to the last acts. The play comes to us with a good New York reputation and should draw good audiences to the Academy.

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There is no doubt that Corinne heads one of the most elaborate burlesque organizations that comes to this city. The stage settings and costumes are rich and in good taste, and the chorus is one rarely excelled in the graces of form and the perfection of its discipline. Arcadia, the new burlesque in which Corinne appeared at the Toronto Opera House this week, is constructed from the nucleus of the old nursery rhyme, "Tom-tom, the piper's son, stole a pig and away he run," etc. On this are strung many clever and amusing specialties by Corinne and other members of the company. The climax of absurdity is reached by the introduction of a genuine, live pig. The marches of the chorus are superb examples of the machine-like precision with which the human girl can be made to move by careful and continuous drill. Mrs. Kimball is evidently a stickler for form as those of her chorus girls can amply testify, and their several marches are bewildering maelstroms of girl.

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And in the midst of this Amazonian pageant flits Corinne, like a bird of gorgeous plumage, with head perked on one side, winking saucily with her little, laughing eye, and lips wreathing themselves in smiles around a set of pearly teeth. This is the bright, little woman whose baby face still wins her the name of Little Corinne, who has long been a public favorite, and whose popularity still shows no sign of diminution. Her sword dance and topical songs were enthusiastically received. Arcadia has drawn bumper houses all week.

Miss St. John, who played the leading part in David Garrick at the Academy of Music last week, is an Englishwoman with a round, rather pale face, a pretty accent, an exact manner of disposing of her "shalls" and "wills," and a fluffy mass of pretty brown hair. In a short conversation I had with her she said:

"Dear me! yes, I like Canadians—better than Americans, in fact, though I must say that on sea voyages Americans thaw sooner. I have made three voyages from New York and two from Quebec to Liverpool, and I have always found that I make friends more quickly among Americans. I was home this year; I could not miss the Exposition, you know. Incessant traveling is wearying, but I love my profession. I do not think I shall ever leave it. I suppose, though," she added half-regretfully, "I shall be obliged to settle down when I grow old. You may think," she continued, mischievously, "that I am old now."

Miss St. John had named an age which surprised me, but I was forced to accept it, for women rarely make mistakes in the way of adding anything to the number of their years.

"People have said that Canadians were cold and difficult to arouse to enthusiasm, but I have found them very different. It was just the same when we were going to Scotland. They said we would be frozen, you know, but we found the people so delightfully genial and really jolly. A dear old Scotch lady made friends with me very quickly. She was a kind old soul, and spoke with such a delightful burr. I remember her saying: 'Coom awa ben the hoos,' and I was so puzzled to know what she meant.

"Yes, unfortunately, I feel the part I play. It has been my experience that when I do not live my part, my audience do not realize it. There is one place where, if I cannot cry real hard, I am disappointed, and the effect is lost. I am disposed to quarrel with the people over here, for the way they treat us usually. At home it is no different; and I tell Miss Stone"—glancing as she spoke towards an American member of the company, who sat near—"that her country is behind England in that respect."

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It was unreservedly stated that on the occasion of the opening of the New Academy of Music, professional jealousy had made trouble behind the scenes, and that it had caused Miss Nora Clench much worry and agitation. During a few minutes' conversation with Miss Clench, the following day, I asked if it were true. "Yes, and it was very unpleasant," she said, quietly. Her face was bright before, but my question sobered it, and a troubled look came into her dark gray eyes. Miss Clench felt the injustice of the jealousy, and it hurt her. There was no ill-feeling in her quiet affirmation of the statement; only genuine sorrow for the unpleasantness. She was the attraction of the evening, and it seems strange that any one should have made a mistake as to whom especially the people came to hear.

"Yes, I expect to remain in Canada this winter," said the artiste in response to my enquiry.

"You have been four years in Leipzic, have you not, Miss Clench?"

"Oh, more than that—nearly five," was the answer. "Germany, of course, is the heart of music," she said, earnestly and wistfully; and I felt that the musical soul acknowledged the far-off foreign land as its place of birth. Patient study, continual practice and earnest application were strongly suggested in her emphatic assertion that regular and systematic work—early and late—was the one feature of her life abroad.

Miss Clench has a striking face. Her strongly-marked eyebrows enhance the beauty of a pair of luminous, dark-gray eyes. Her movement is languid, and her conversation far from being animated. The repose of manner is not affected, but thoroughly in keeping with her face and her dreamy eyes. Miss Clench is, in fact, charmingly natural, and as she pointed out her floral tributes, there was nothing but the utmost simplicity and girlish delight in her gently-voiced words: "People have been so kind to me."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Lloyd Breeze, who was in Toronto last year, manager for his brother-in-law, Sol Smith Russell, has gone back again to journalism, which he had deserted for the dramatic business. He has revived his old Detroit *Chaff*, but this time in Chicago. *Chaff* is a society journal and promises to be a bright and readable sheet.

They Have to Hustle.

Simeral—Why adage "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is all bosh.

Maddox—Why?

Simeral—Because married men have no leisure.—*Life.*

It Meant Bread.

Bolter—That Bohemian friend of yours told me he had struck the soft snap of a lifetime. Did the editor put him on a salary?

Colter—No. He has become engaged to his landlady's daughter.

He Was With Them.

A—I wonder what our friend, the lawyer, will give us to drink to-morrow when we go to see him in his new house?

B—Nothing whatever.

A—Surely, after walking all that distance he will offer us something.

B—Nothing. I tell you, not even a cigar.

A—What'll you bet?

B—Six bottles of Rudesheimer.

A—Done.

Next day the two friends trudged along the dusty road, and arrived, hot and tired, at the villa of the lawyer, who gave them a hearty reception, took them through the house, the garden, and the park; showed them his trees, flowers, fruit, vegetables, fountains, and lawns—and that was all! The two visitors had several times changed glances of intelligence, and when they had admired the last flower bed, and their host made no sign, they burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?"

"We made a bet that you would not offer us any refreshment all the time we were here."

"What is the bet?"

"A few bottles of Rhenish."

"Where are you going to drink them?"

"We are going at once across to Schulze's tavern. You can imagine how thirsty we are."

"Ach! stay a minute till I get my hat; I'll join you!"

Anonymous.

Teacher—Anonymous means without a name; write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word.

Small Girl (writes)—Our new baby is anonymous.—*Life.*

A Bonnet.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.)

For Saturday Night.

A bonnet is a woman's monument—
Memorial of her milliner's aptitude
To parallel her moral hardihood.
Whether on morning calls or shopping bent
Of every sumptuous fabric reverent,
Fashioned in ribbons, or with lace endued,
She bears her own till Church and State have viewed
Its flowering crest, unrivalled—eminent.
A bonnet is a coin: the bill reveals
How much, and to what creditor 'tis due,
Nor all the might of conjugal appeals
Avails when fashion offers something new;
Reason retires, Love grieves, but Woman kneels
In mental adoration at the view.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

At Sea.

For Saturday Night:

A breath of salt air, cool and sweet,
From the line where the skies and ocean meet.

A gleam of starlight, a moon new born—
Low dropping westward her silver horn.

The soft smooth rise of the waves' unrest,
Like a sigh of peace from a happy breast.

Or the luminous splash of the dolphins' play,
Where the gilded phosphorescence lay.

The song of the sailors' "Yo, heave ho!"
As the flapping sail falls loose and low.

Or the mellow voice o'er the rising swell,
That calls—and echoes—"All's well, all's well."

Oh, peaceful hour! Oh, blessed spot!
Where the care and the fear of the wood were not!

My heart, aweary, turns back to thee,
And rests—in a dream of that hour at sea!

GRACE E. D.

Rondeau.

For Saturday Night.

Some bitterness that lately grew
When flowers failed and leaves were few,
Tossed thro' the dull November day
Their saucy coral colors gay
Where wind and rain in dashes blew.

A kindly hand upstretching thro'
The vines their clusters downward drew
And broke their stems and took away
Some bitterness.

And brought their berries bright unto
My weary life that lived anew,
Because they made the days less gray.
O! hand that gave, return and stay,
O friend of mine—is all my due
Some bitterness?

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

The Spinning-Wheel.

I would I could a-wooing go,
Quick would I fare unto the hall
Where Bessie, with her cheeks aglow,
Hums with the wheel against the wall;
And down before the feet I'd kneel
Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel.

The sunlight gleams the hills athwart,
To color roses, wheat, and wine;
So down the valleys of my heart
Do bonnie Bessie's blue eyes shine.
They shine on me until I reel
Like her own restless spinning-wheel.

Fair Bessie with the golden hair,
Sweet Bessie with the deep blue eyes,
Is twisting for my heart a snare
Each time the slender spindle flies.
A snare for me which I shall feel,
Caught by the fate which turns the wheel.

And so I must a-wooing go,
And quick betake me to the hall
Where ivy creeps and roses blow,
And Sol flings kisses o'er the wall,
And at the dainty feet must kneel
Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel.

Next!

A row of human forms,
With faces upturned, white,
Arrayed in shrouds and motionless,
I saw one fateful night.

The group who sat around
And talked on slight pretext,
Could not conceal their questioning—
Whose turn will happen next?

Was battle field in view,
Where shot and shell had ceased?
Dissecting room or hospital,
Where souls had been released?

Were tenants of the Morgue
Uplifting mute appeal
That charity's swift burial
Might sanction less of zeal?

Oh, no; 'twas none of these
Impatient gaze enslaved—
The forms were in the barber shop
And slowly being shaved!

Then She Relapsed.

As the train got started up the Hudson the young thing said to the bullet-headed young man who had just led her to the altar:

"Gawge, we shall see the farmers at work, won't we?"

"Very likely."

"Will they be husking corn?"

"Perhaps."

"I should so like to see them husking corn. I've read a delicious poem about it. Gawge, how do they husk corn?"

"Hanged if I know."

"But I thought you said you knew everything?"

"I do, but I can't just think in a second."

"That poem rings in my ears. Let's see how it goes. It says that one gentle morn in the balmy spring, when the snow had melted off, a farmer went forth with plough and drag to husk the—the—Gawge, do they husk corn with a plough and drag?"

"I guess so."

"But, Gawge, what is a plough and drag? Can't we have one on our sideboard for ornament when we go to housekeeping?"

"I'll think of it. You better keep still now. The doctor said you weren't to talk too much until your throat got better."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Tourist's Trade Mark.

Bliffers—Hello, Whiffers, what's the matter? You have a strangely unsteady gait. Been sick?

Whiffers (with disgust and indignation)—See here, you landlubber, don't you know sea legs when you see 'em? I've been to Europe, of course.

Noted People.

Rosa Bonheur the aged artist, says she has painted her best pictures since she was fifty.

Prince George of Wales is the only member of the English Royal family who speaks the language of his country with a foreign accent.

Inventor Edison's six-year-old daughter is said to be almost marvelously bright. She is described as a musician, a good draughtsman and she speaks in four languages.

The proposal to erect a memorial to Wilkie Collins in Westminster or St. Paul's meets with opposition from the friends of the late novelist. Wilkie Collins had a great prejudice against the prevailing fashion of raising such memorials to public men.

Miss Huntington of New York has become the Princess Hatzfeldt, and while she will maintain an establishment in New York, she will spend most of her time abroad. The Hatzfeldts are an old German family, and have owned their castle near Heidelberg for nine hundred years. The new princess is described as a handsome young woman of about thirty, with large brown eyes and fine teeth.

Says London *Truth*: The most notable incident during the Queen's autumn sojourn at Balmoral has been her return to the Glassalt Shiel, where she has twice dined and slept, for the first time for seven years. The Shiel (which is a large chalet, with detached kitchen and stables) had not previously been visited by the Queen since the death of John Brown, at whose instigation it was built.

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, who could not borrow enough money this summer to go to Paris, sent an interesting display to the exposition. One of the features of his exhibit was a gigantic tureen out of which he eats porridge. Kalakaua is a brave trencherman, and can eat and drink more than any individual in his domain. He also sent to Paris a volume of his poems and a portrait of himself. The latter represents a large man dressed in a tight fitting European military uniform. His breast is covered with orders.

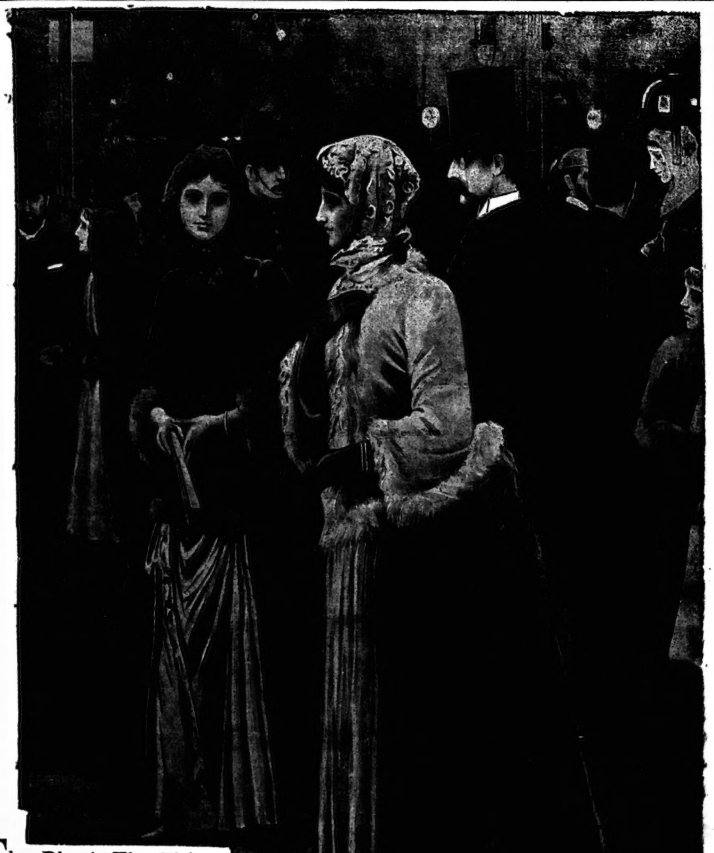
The future Macaulay will be glad to have this lively description of the Prince of Wales in the days of his youth: "A yellow-haired laddie, very like his mother, Fanny W. and I nodded and waved as he passed, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us; for Fanny, with her yellow curls and wild waving, looked rather rowdy, and the poor little Prince wanted some fun. We laughed, and thought that we had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly, even princes." The extract is taken from Miss Alcott's Life, which has just been published.

A pupil in a quiet boarding-school in Pennsylvania displayed some time since no small degree of industry in collecting autographs of distinguished literati. James Russell Lowell was one of the number addressed. The address to him was substantially: "I would be very much obliged for your autograph." The response contained a lesson that many besides the ambitious pupil have not learned: —"Pray do not say hereafter 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged and be done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige yours truly, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL."

Mrs. Emerson and Miss Emerson, widow and daughter of the author, live in the town of Concord, Mass., in comparative seclusion. They are charming, simple-minded women, who keep as remote as possible from the ways of the world, not even dressing in a modern way. The plain white house has two front doors, one on the side fronting the street and another on the side fronting the lawn. Here, as in nearly all the old houses, the brass knocker still hangs on the door. Mr. Emerson's study is kept just as he left it, and the pen lies where he last placed it on his desk.

On a beautiful edge of Richmond Park and buried in deep foliage stand in close proximity the houses of five celebrated people. Sheen House is the residence of the Comte de Paris. Close by is the lodge of the Duke of Fife. The White House is the home of the Duchess of Teck. In a little tiny cottage, dream-like in its dainty beauty, and with a little Egyptian goddess hidden in a leafy shrine, to protect it, lives and works that grand old man Sir Richard Owen, and last, but not least, in a pretty house close by dwells his ancient friend, ninety years of age, the venerable "Father of Sanitary Science" Sir Edwin Chadwick. "And what a splendid old fellow he is," I thought to myself (writes a correspondent), as I walked beside the massive form, almost as strong and upright as ever, as I gazed at the lofty forehead and met the keen penetrating gaze of his eyes and listened to his clear voice and hearty laugh.

Mr. Swinburne's Ben Jonson, recently published is not a mere collection of the articles from the same pen which have been appearing in the *Fortnightly*. These were, of course, sketches for the present work, but they have been materially revised and recast. It is not generally known that, as a student of Elizabethan literature, Mr. Swinburne stands in the very front rank of the many accomplished men of letters who have devoted themselves to this period. Few and obscure indeed are the literary byways of "the spacious day of great Elizabeth," which are not familiar to Mr. Swinburne. If he thinks Victor Hugo the greatest poet in the world, it is at any rate not for want of knowing Shakespeare; and if the only basis of his poetical fame were certain recent effusions, some might think it would be as the Elizabethan critic rather than as the Victorian poet that Mr. Swinburne would stand the best chance of conquering oblivion. Ask Mr. Swinburne's printers and publishers, and they will tell you that the same laborious and scholarly care appear in the poet's manuscripts. It is a sprawling, schoolboy's hand, but with all the student's particularity of detail. Writers commonly scribble off in a semi-legible, half-punctuated, happy-go-lucky sort of way; and bards, proverbially an irritable tribe, have doubtless helped to reproduce the same characteristic in the printing-room. But Mr. Swinburne's manuscript comes up clear, legible and decided, with scare an erasure. No leaving the punctuation to the devil (the printer's devil, I mean), for Mr. Swinburne. Every typographical detail is provided for, just as it will appear; not a comma or a bracket but is loaded with its destiny from the first.



The Play's The Thing

PINERO'S SWEET LAVENDER TO BE DONE AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

From a Critic who Has Seen.

The theater has always been so generally looked upon by the average play-goers as only a recreative factor in the progress of life, that many a true lesson and masterly study is forgotten or unnoticed because it is put upon the stage and not in a prosy book.

The poet, the artist, the composer, the playwright, are all striving to express nature as she appeals, not to their ideal conception, but to men and women of the world. The pen cannot echo the secret passion which stirs the voice to its own music, deep and wierd as only the heart's depth can create. Therefore the story-teller must learn the harmony of language before he can accord a sentence with the feeling the cold type forbids. The playwright is a man of deeper conscience and literary knowledge than the actor sometimes, but the playwright is the student, while the actor must be his expositor. Plays that are truest to nature are the deeper effort to the student, and test to the actor.

Pinero's Sweet Lavender, from a psychological point of view is one of the deeper and most finished experiments the modern stage has ever seen, with one of the grandest combinations of human sentiment, weakness, and surviving manhood, any playwright has prepared for years. We have no daring villainy, no burdened plot, no far fetched scene. It is a powerful sketch of tragedy in its most ghostly form as known to the human heart, and comedy refinement, in the best taste and wit to be found.

See the hero of the play, "Dick Phenyl." Psychologically he is the strongest and weakest type of manhood. Strong in the principles that make the finest gentleman, strong in the richest sentiment that can assail a man of the world in friendship, strong even when we get one glance at the inner depths of his heart as Ruth Rolt leaves him, and with a face that seems to look back into the long, long past, he murmurs, "Fifteen years! fifteen years!" Even love has been mastered by him, and it lives a ghostly memory, as the only woman that ever showed the tenderness of woman, is going away. Right beside this splendid reverie comes the faint shadow of a "first pure love," boldly speaking to him in the words of Lavender. This is a beautiful touch of a master student in the playwright's handiwork, which the actor has grasped with equal depth and feeling. The tender, budding love, enduring its first pain in the cruel grasp of an unjust fate, and the strong, weather beaten, majestic sentiment silent by its side, deaf almost to its pitiful pleading until, from the depths of its own experience in Dick Phenyl's great, good heart, it says simply, "'Tis the way of the world." Love, poverty, makes us sour and unjust. Lavender is a story without the faintest suspicion of impurity, a play that will never bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. It is perfection itself.

This perfect comedy which has held the stage of Terry's Theater, London, for the past three years and which proved the grandest success in the history of the Lyceum Theater, New York, will be presented to Toronto theater-goers on Monday evening next by one of Daniel Frohman's excellent organizations. Manager Frohman could ill afford to recede in the least particular from the high standard he has adopted in the management of his other attractions, namely: Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in The Wife, E. H. Sothern in Lord Chumley, Mrs. James G. Blaine and the latest English success, Our Flat. Sweet Lavender is in three counts. The scene is laid in the chamber of Mr. Phenyl and Mr. Hale, 3 Brain Court, Temple," and the action covers a period of one week, the first act, which is tersely summarized in a sub-title as "Nobody's Business," passing in the morning; the second act, "Somebody's Business," in the evening of the next day; and the third act, "Everybody's Business," a week afterward.

The story mainly hinges on the love of a law student who is captivated by a sweet young girl in humble life who proves to be the illegitimate daughter of the student's adopted father, a wealthy banker whose fortune is destroyed and repaired during the progress of the play. An aristocratic widow and her daughter figure prominently. The daughter is selected by the old folks as the future bride of the student but she meets her fate in a young American who is endowed with proverbial assurance, and this incident is ingeniously made to serve to complicate affairs until the happy denouement. The other characters are skilfully drawn. There is nothing extravagant, nothing overdrawn, nothing to offend critical taste either in the construction or language of the drama.

The following is the distribution of characters:

Horace Bream, a young American,	George Backus
Geoffrey Wedderburn, of Wedderburn, Green & Hoskett, Bankers, Barnchester,	R. F. Cotton
Clement Hale, his adopted son, studying for the bar,	Cyril Scott
Dick Phenyl, a barrister,	A. P. Burbank
Dr. Delaney, a fashionable physician,	John Findlay
Mr. Bulger, hairdresser and wigmaker,	Foster Plate
Mr. Maw, a solicitor,	John S. Hale
Minnie Gilfillan, niece of Mr. Wedderburn,	Miss Lillian Chantore
Ruth Rolt, housekeeper and laundress at 3 Brain Court Temple,	Miss Kate Lester
Lavender, her daughter,	Miss Ethelyn Friend
Mrs. Gilfillan, a widow, Wedderburn's sister, mother of Minnie,	Miss Dollie Pike

Varsity Chat.

Mr. A. H. Gibbard, B. A., '87, one of the stalwarts of the negative party in the stirring elections of that year, is peacefully engaged in teaching in Brantford. The sword has been turned into a pruning hook.

An essay by Mr. C. A. Stuart, '91, on Competition was the principal feature of the programme at the meeting of the Political Science Club on Wednesday.

The librarian's mandate has gone forth to close the library at 4, instead of 4.30 as formerly. I understand that until funds are provided to increase the staff of assistants it will be impossible to keep open longer, which is one of the many sad consequences of poverty. Five o'clock would be early enough to close if the wherewithal were only forthcoming. "Chill penury," etc.

Mr. J. J. Mackenzie, B.A., on Thursday read before the Natural Science Association a most interesting paper giving the results of late researches regarding the development of lichens.

The first public debate of the year was held in Convocation Hall last week and was a decided success. The happy medium between thunder and silence seemed to have been struck by the jolly good fellows in the loft. Mr. Hall's reading from Artemus Ward was not only well rendered but gave abundant opportunity for that pointed comment from above which is the salt of the entertainment. It pleased the ladies immensely—than which I can say no more in commendation. The distribution of "K" Company prizes after the debate also afforded considerable amusement.

The Glee Club was encored by the gallery, but was nevertheless hardly up to its average in merit—perhaps. The harmony was somewhat muddy at times, and, in the opinion of an unknown amateur, The Bold Gendarme was a trifle slow. The subject for debate was one which called for purely argumentative treatment, but was interestingly handled notwithstanding.

But perhaps the most important item of the programme was the annual inaugural address by the president of the society, Dr. Harley Smith. Unfortunately it has not been published in the dailies, and we have no *Varsity* nowadays, Oh, where! Oh, where! has it gone? Besides, I fear that, as was almost to be expected on such an occasion, it did not receive the thoughtful attention of the majority of the undergraduates present. Dr. Smith, since he has been all through it himself, is well qualified to advise us as to the most advantageous course to be pursued in regard to the society; and it is a pity his words could not be put in such a form as to permit of leisurely and careful consideration. No man becomes a good speaker without earnest effort spent in preparation. Ability to extemporize is certainly not to be desired above all things earthly, and probably is not desirable at all in a beginner. It is sure to lower one's ideal, and that is fatal to great success. "Learn to labor and to wait," the wise man said, and it is the first lesson for a true aspirant. But so very hard to learn.

Mr. D. R. Keys, M. A., in Sir Daniel's absence, took the chair, and at the close of the debate gave his decision in favor of the affirmative, Messrs. A. T. DeLury and N. MacMurchy, both of '90.

From the stairs whereon we gather to sing our good night to the ladies, I noticed Mr. A. T. Hunter, the great and only, and Mr. W. C. Ferguson, B. A., '89, who had run down from Uxbridge to see us all. Mr. Edward Hanlan also fell under my eagle eye, whom we were glad to see. Mr. Hanlan can teach us a lesson in pluck, which is one of the many things to be learned.

Extensive additions to the School of Science are being erected. Thus our equipment is gradually reaching completion. Opposite the school and across the south-east ravine stands the new building of the biological department, though unfortunately it is the rear of the structure which first meets the eye.

Mr. Hugh B. Fraser, B.A., '89, the new general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., may be found any day in his office busily engaged, as popular and efficient as ever.

The glorious weather of late has kept the lawn well covered with athletes. It is fun for the boys but it's death on the grass. The snow cometh when no man can play. NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. P. S. Lampman, B. A., '88, who is now studying law with the firm of Bruce, Burton & Bruce at Hamilton, visited college last week.

Mr. J. Grayson Smith, B. A., '89, has returned to Toronto after spending the summer with his parents in England. We trust that he will not forget his old *alma mater*, and that "Jim's" smiling face may often be seen about our rooms at Trinity. He will at once begin to attend the law school lectures.

Rev. W. E. Cooper, B.D., one of Trinity's earliest honor graduates, who for many years has occupied the position of assistant master at Trinity College School, Port Hope, has accepted the rectorship of Grafton. His valuable services will be greatly missed at the school and it will be hard to find anyone to replace so efficient a master.

The Trinity choir has consented to take part in the services to be held at St. James' Cathedral on November 21, in connection with the jubilee of the diocese.

The second meeting of the Science Association was held on Thursday evening, November 7, Mr. T. Smythe, B.Sc., in the chair. The meeting was well attended, including a number of ladies. Rev. Prof. Symonds read a most interesting paper on Science as a Recreation, and showed how much pleasure one may derive during leisure hours from even a slight knowledge of any of the subjects—botany, chemistry, etc.

The Trinity Glee Club is at last established on a good, firm basis, thanks to the energetic management of Mr. F. B. Howden, who has worked hard, and is deserving of great praise for the pains he has taken to secure voices. They visited Chester on Thursday last, and will make their initial appearance in the city at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday, November 18.

Two Ambitions.

Pompous English Author—My ambition, sir, is to be buried in Westminster Abbey beside the great men of England's past.

American Person—Indeed! Mine is to remain alive and kicking among the ordinary men of America's present.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

MARION H., Harrow, Ont.—Your writing indicates a firm will, a lack of ambition, and a careless, free and affectionate nature. 1. If a piece is kept closed too much the keys will turn yellow. 2 Linseed oil, thinned with a little turpentine, will remove the marks. The surface should be thoroughly rubbed with a dry cloth after to prevent adherence of dust. 3. The author of Country Luck is C. J. Haberton. 4. I would not try to win a man's affection if I were you. Be yourself—natural and sweet and lovable, as only a good girl can be, and leave Master Cupid the rest to do. When a girl "throws herself at" a man he disdains her, and she loses her self-respect in trying to grasp what should come to her.

FALLING LEAVES, Ottawa.—I am pleased to know that you consider the delineation of your principal characteristics correct. Are energetic people not always ambitious? What makes them move around so quickly and so much, unless they have their eyes on something ahead. As to the photograph—if you choose, you may send it, but please write your name and address on it and enclose samps for return. A fervid imagination is one which is active. It causes an extraordinary enjoyment of pleasure, and doubles sorrow if let run riot. His writing shows taste, de ision and generosity. The woman's, a variable temperament and a kind, careless disposition.

CARMEN.—You perhaps have musical ability, but you are so careless that I am afraid you would not study faithfully. You ask, "Shall I ever be married?" Why, I suppose so, Carmen. You will likely find someone who just suits you, after awhile. Yes, I think you are quite a favorite. You are heedless of the wishes of others, self-esteeming and self-willed.

M. E. F., Toronto.—Your writing shows intellectual culture, sensitiveness, and a thoroughly kindly though somewhat self-asserting nature.

KATHLEEN, Parkdale.—Your writing indicates shrewdness, caution, selfishness and practicability. 1. Kindly disposition, sense of honor, but great carelessness, and no stability of purpose. 2. Closely resembles yours, denotes every characteristic I have ascribed to you.

VENDETTA.—Petulance, exceedingly variable spirits, affectionate, sensitive and rather selfish nature.

FERDA.—Reserved, prudent, suspicious and, I am afraid, a wee bit selfish.

REX.—Stick to your present business. A reporter has long hours, hard work and, we might add, never grows wealthy. Writing shows good nature, sensitiveness, indecision and little energy.

MAX MULLER, Toronto.—Artistic taste, order, variable spirits and kindly disposition. 2 Energy, love of admiration, gaiety of spirit and firm will.

BABY DIANA.—You are egotistic, selfish and lack many qualities which a general favorite should possess. Be natural and you will probably be beloved by your friends.

CLARENCE, Toronto.—This writing shows originality, decision, mischievous spirit and artistic taste.

BERTA, Stratford.—The gentleman has cause for annoyance. If you make an engagement you should keep it, no matter how many invitations you had afterwards. You must certainly owe him an apology.

CON WEB, Brantford.—Tell your mother all about it. She will be sure to advise you for the best. Hasty marriages are sure to bring repentance; while most cases it should never be thought of. Your writing shows sensitiveness, firm will, and considerable self-esteem.

HAL, Toronto.—If a girl loves a man she will probably marry him even though she spend the rest of her life in bemoaning her fate. It's a way girls have—to neglect counting the cost until the bill is presented. If you are sure you do love her, and if you are positive she loves you she can and will keep house, and if you are making the sum you mention yearly I should think you might marry. But take my advice, Hal, and think it over several times. Don't let a pair of brown eyes bewitch you, for getting married is a mighty risky business.

MANIE.—1. Wait until you are introduced—unless under peculiar circumstances. 2. It might be either thoughtlessness or thoughtlessness, such things often occur. Love of luxury, free generous disposition, and inclined to be fault-finding and peevish.

BLUE BELL.—See answer to Baby Dimple.

ROSA LEE.—Reserved, haughty, energetic and suspicious.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—Affectionate, variable nature, undecided and thoughtful.

MAX, Toronto.—Thos W. Keene is a tragedian of much repute at the present time, but you are probably thinking of the Charles Kean, a famous tragedian of the old school, long since dead. Mr. Ariel Barney is Mr. Thos. W. Keene's manager. Writing shows eccentricity, much imagination, perseverance and self-esteem.

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Hubert made an impatient movement. He had never seen his aunt so much to her disadvantage. She was harsh, unwomanly, inhuman. Was it in this way that every woman would treat the poor child, remembering the story of her father's crime?

Miss Vane read the accusation in his eyes. She turned aside with an abrupt gesture, half of defiance, half of despair.

"I can't help it, Hubert," she said in an undertone. She raised her handkerchief to her eyes and dashed away a tear. "I feel it a wrong to Sydney, to Marion, to the child, that I should try to benefit any of Westwood's family. I can't bear to speak to her—I can't bear her in my sight. It makes me ill to see her."

She covered her eyes with her hand, so that she might not see the ragged miserable looking little creature any longer.

"It would make matters no better if the child were to die of neglect and starvation at your gates, would it?" said Hubert bitterly. "She must be got out of Beechfield, at any rate; you will never be able to bear seeing her about the roads—even amongst the workhouse children."

"No, no, indeed! And Enid—Enid might meet her again!"

"Go back to the house, aunt Leo," said the young man tenderly, "and leave her to me. It is too great a strain on your endurance, I see. I will take the child to the Rectory; Mrs. Rumbold will know of some home where she will be taken in—the farther away from Beechfield the better."

Miss Vane was unusually agitated. Her face was pale and her lips moved nervously; she carefully averted her eyes from the little girl whom she had undertaken to question. Evidently she was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I never was so foolish in my life as I have been to-day. My nerves are all unstrung," she said, turning her back on little dirty Westwood. "I think I'll take your advice, Hubert. Ask Mr. and Mrs. Rumbold, from me, to see after the child. If they want money, I don't mind supplying it. But do make them understand that the child must be kept out of Beechfield." And with these words she walked briskly down the avenue, without looking back. As she had said, the very sight of Andrew Westwood's daughter made her ill.

Hubert turned again towards the girl, wondering whether she had overheard the conversation, which had been carried on in low tones, and, if she had overheard it, how much she had understood. He could not find out from her face. It was not a face that lacked intelligence, but it was at present sullen and forbidding in expression. The black hair that hung over her eyes hid her forehead, and gave her a rough, almost a savage look.

"You do not want go back to the workhouse, do you?" Hubert said, keenly regarding the stubborn face.

"No—I won't go back."

"Why not?"

A hot burning blush sprang to the child's cheeks.

"They call me names," she said in a low voice.

"They! Who? And what names?"

"The other girls, and the matrons too, and the women. They say that my father's wicked and that I am wicked too. They say that he is to be hanged."

The child suddenly burst out crying; her sobs, loud and unrestrained, fell painfully on Hubert's ear.

"I went to the prison to see him, but they would not let me; and then I came back here."

She sobbed for a minute or two longer, and then became quiet as suddenly as she had broken into tears, rubbing her eyes with one hand, and peering furtively at Hubert between the black fingers.

"They were wrong," Hubert said at length. "Your father is not dead; he is not to be hanged at all." He paused before he spoke again. "He is in prison; he will be in prison for the rest of his life—a life sentence!"

He spoke rather to himself than to the child. Never had he realized so fully as at that moment what prison meant. To be shut from the world, up, away from friends, away from home, away from the sweet wild woods, the country air, the summer sun, to labor all day long at some heavy monotonous task, such as breaks the spirit and the heart of man with its relentless uniformity of toil—to wear the prison garb, to be known by a number, as one dead to the ordinary life of men, leaving at the prison gates that name which would be henceforth only a badge of disgrace to all who bore it in the outer world—these aspects of Andrew Westwood's sad case flashed in a moment across Hubert Lepel's mind with a thrill of intolerable pain. What could he do? Rise up and offer to bear that terrible punishment himself? It could not be—for Florence's sake, he told himself, it could not be. And yet—yet he knew that at the very beginning he had told the truth, and stood where Andrew Westwood stood, so that the ruffian and the poacher might have to bear a doom that separated him for ever from his only child!

"Do you mean," said Jenny Westwood, slowly, "that father will never come out of prison any more."

"Perhaps—after many years—he may come out."

"Many years? Three—or five?"

"More—more, I am afraid, my little girl—perhaps in twenty years—if he is still alive."

He scarcely knew what impulse prompted him then to tell the truth. He repented it the next moment, for, after a horrified stare into his face, the child suddenly flung herself down upon the gravelled path and burst into tears, accompanied by passionate shrieking sobs and wild convulsive movements of her limbs.

"He shall come out—he shall come out!" Hubert heard her cry between her gasps for breath. "He can't do without me. Take me to him, or I shall die!"

In utter dismay Hubert tried persuasion, argument, rebuke, for some time in vain. At last he turned away from her and began walking up and down a short stretch of the drive, bitterly regretting the impulse that had caused him to take the care of this strange child, even for a few moments, on his hands. But he had promised to get rid of her, and he must do so, if only for Enid's sake. He would never do to let this little wild creature go roaming about the village, asking questions about her father. And there were better motives at work within the young man's breast. It seemed to him that he had brought a duty on himself—that he was at least responsible for Andrew Westwood's forlorn and neglected child.

He had not paced the drive for many minutes before the sobs began to grow fainter. Finally they ceased, and the child drew herself into a crouching position, with her head resting against the steep, mossy bank just within the gate. Seeing her so quiet, Hubert thought that he might venture to speak to her again.

"You must not cry so bitterly," he said, almost as he might have spoken to a grown-up person, not to a child. "Grieving can do your poor father no good. Wait and grow up quickly. He may come out of prison some day, and want his little daughter. If I take you to a place where you can be taught to be a good girl, like other girls, will you stay there?"

The child raised her head and fixed her dark eyes upon him.

"Not to the workhouse?" she said, apprehensively.

"I promise you—not to the workhouse, if you will be a good child."

She scrambled to her feet at once, and, rather to Hubert's surprise, put one hot and dirty little hand into his own.

"I will be good," she said briefly; "and I will go wherever you like."

Nothing seemed easier to her just then.

CHAPTER VII.

"But, dear me, Mr. Lepel," said Mrs. Rumbold, "there's no place for a child like that but the workhouse."

Hubert stood before the Rector's wife in a pretty little room opening out upon the Rectory garden. Jenny had been left in the hall, seated on one of the high-backed wooden chairs, while her protector told his tale. Mrs. Rumbold—a short, stout, elderly woman with a good-natured smile irradiating her broad face and kind blue eyes—sat erect in the basket-chair wherein her portly frame more usually reclined and positively gasped as she heard his story.

"To think of that child's behavior! I assure you, Mr. Lepel, that we tried to do our duty. We knew how painful it would be for the dear General and Miss Vane if any member of that wretched man's family were left in the village, and we thought it simplified matters so much that there was only one child—didn't we, Alfred!"

Alfred was the Rector, a tall thin man very slow in expressing his ideas, and therefore generally resigning the task of doing so to his wife's more nimble tongue. On this occasion, unready as usual with a response, he crossed his legs one over the other, cleared his throat, and had just opened his mouth to utter the words, "We did indeed, my dear," when Mrs. Rumbold was off again.

"Some neighbors took care of her before the trial," she said confidentially. "Indeed we paid them a small sum for doing so, Mr. Lepel—we didn't like to send the child to the workhouse before we knew how matters would turn out. But, when the poor wretched man was condemned, I said to Alfred, 'We really can't let the Smiths be burdened any longer with Andrew Westwood's child—she must go to the Union!' And Alfred actually went to Westwood, and asked him if he had any relatives to whom the child could be sent—didn't you, Alfred?—and, when he said that there were none, and that the girl might as well be brought up in the workhouse as anywhere else, for she would always be an outcast like himself—I quote his very words, Mr. Lepel—the generous, generous man! Words!—why, then, I just put on my hat and cloak, and I went to the Smiths at once, and I said, 'Mrs. Smith, I've come to take little Westwood to the workhouse; and take her I did that very afternoon."

"Do you know when she ran away?" Hubert asked.

Mrs. Rumbold shook her head.

"I haven't heard. Not more than a day or two ago, I should fancy, for nobody seems to have been looking for her in this direction. I wonder she came back to Beechfield, the hardened little thing!"

"Oh, come, I don't think she is that, Mrs. Rumbold!" said Hubert, affecting a lightness which assuredly he did not feel. "I fancy that she wandered back to Beechfield out of love for her father and her old home, poor child. She is not to be blamed for her father's sin, surely!" he added, seeing rather an odd expression on Mrs. Rumbold's face as the involuntary words of pity passed his lips.

"Oh, no, no—of course not!" Mrs. Rumbold hastened to reply. "It is very kind of you, Mr. Lepel, and very kind of Miss Vane too, to interest yourselves in the fate of Andrew Westwood's daughter—very Christian, I am sure!"

"I don't know that," said Hubert, somewhat awkwardly. "I fancy that my cousin simply wishes to get the child away from the place before the General is well enough to go out again—I suppose he knows her by sight. It would be painful to him—and little Enid might come to hear."

"Of course, of course! I quite understand, Mr. Lepel. And the Churton workhouse is so near Beechfield too!"

"She shall not go back to the workhouse," said Hubert, with firmness. "I am resolved on that!"

"An orphanage, I suppose? Well, we might get her into an orphanage if we paid a small sum for her; but who would pay? There's the Anglican Sisterhood, at Saint Agatha's—I know that I quite approve of Sisterhoods myself," said Mrs. Rumbold grimly—"but I know that in this case the Sisters are doing good work, and for a small annual payment."

"I don't much like the idea of a Sisterhood. Do you know of a smaller place, Mrs. Rumbold—a school perhaps—where she could be taken in and clothed and taught and civilised?"

"No, Mr. Lepel, I don't. You could not send a child like that to a lady's boarding-school, letting the whole story be told; and who would take her then? In a charitable institution, now, she could be admitted, and no questions asked."

"I did not think—I did not exactly want to find a charitable institution," said Hubert, suddenly seeing that his position would appear very strange in the Rumbolds' eyes, and yet resolved to stick to his point. No, whatever happened, "little Westwood," as Mrs. Rumbold called her, should not be brought up as a "charity girl." He had an instinctive understanding of the suffering that the child would endure if she were not in kindly hands; and he did not think that the atmosphere of a large semi-public institution would be favorable to her future welfare.

Mrs. Rumbold looked at him in open-eyed perplexity.

"But, Mr. Lepel, what do you want?"

"I want the child to be kindly treated, and, with some vexation—"I want her to be where she will never be taunted with her father's position, where she will be kindly treated, and brought up to earn her own living in a suitable way."

"Then," said the Rector, startling both his hearers by the ponderous solemnity of his tone, "send her to Winstead."

Hubert turned towards him respectfully.

"You think so, sir?"

"The Sisters are good women," said Mr. Rumbold. "They love the children and train them well. I have twice sent orphans from this village to their care, and in each case I believe that there could not have been a happier result."

"You'll be charmed if you go over the house at Winstead, Mr. Lepel," said Mrs. Rumbold coaxingly. "Do go over and see yourself what it is like. Such a lovely place, half covered with purple clematis and Virginia creeper, and a dear little chapel, and beautiful grounds! And the expense is quite trifling—twelve or thirteen pounds a year, I believe, for each of the dear little orphans!"

"If you speak so highly of it, I am sure I may take it on trust," answered Hubert, with a smile. He was growing weary of the discussion. "Take the child and do the best for her, will you, Mrs. Rumbold? My cousin and I will supply all funds that may be needed."

"I am sure that's very good of you, Mr. Lepel. The child couldn't be happier anywhere than she will be at Winstead. Alfred will write at once about it—will you not, Alfred?"

Alfred bowed assent.

"I suppose it will take a few days to settle," said Hubert, looking from one to the other. "In the meantime—"

"In the meantime she can stay here!" said Mrs. Rumbold expansively. "She will be no trouble, poor thing! I can put up a little bed for her in one of the attics."

"She's not very clean, I'm afraid, Mrs. Rumbold. She looks exceedingly black."

"I expect that the black's all on the surface," said the Rector's wife. "You needn't laugh, Alfred; Mr. Lepel knows what I mean, I'm sure. The child's been in the workhouse for more than a fortnight, and has left it only for the last day or two; she is just dusty and grimy with the heat and exercise, and will be glad of a bath, poor thing! I'll make her look beautiful before she goes to Winstead, you'll see."

"Then I may leave her in your charge? It is exceedingly good of you," said Hubert, rising to take his leave. "I don't know what I should have done with her but for you."

"My dear Mr. Lepel, I'm sure the goodness is all on your side!" cried Mrs. Rumbold. "I should not have thought of a gentleman like you, one of your family, troubling himself about such a miserable child like this little Westwood girl. I'm sure she ought to be eternally grateful to you all!"

"Oh, by-the-bye," said Hubert, turning round as he was nearing the door, "you have reminded me of something that I may as well mention now, Mrs. Rumbold! Oblige me by not telling your cousin that I—we have anything to do with providing for the child. Do not speak of it to the girl herself or to any one in the village. And pray do not allude to it in conversation with my cousins at the Hall!"

"If you wish it, of course I will not mention it to any one," said Mrs. Rumbold, fiddling a little at what she conceived to be an imputation on her discretion. "You may trust me, I am sure, Mr. Lepel. We will not breathe a word."

"And particularly not a word to the child herself," Hubert said, turning his eyes upon the rector's wife with such earnestness in their troubled depths that she was quite impressed. "I do not wish her to be burdened with the feeling that she owes anything to us."

"Oh, Mr. Lepel, how generous, how delicate-minded!" cried the effusive little woman, throwing up her hands in admiration. "Now I wouldn't have believed that there was a young man could be so thoughtful of others' feelings—I wouldn't indeed, Mr. Hubert! Must you go? Won't you stay and have dinner with us to-night?"

"Thank you—no; I am engaged—a dinner in town," said Hubert hastily. "I will leave you my address"—he produced a card from his pocket-book, and with it a ten-pound note—"and this will perhaps be useful in getting clothes and things of that kind for her. If you want more, you will let me know."

He escaped with difficulty from Mrs. Rumbold's rapturous expressions of surprise at his liberality, and at last got out into the hall. Andrew Westwood's little girl was still sitting on the chair where she had been placed, her hands crossed before her on her lap, her bare feet swinging idly to and fro, her dark eyes fixed vaguely on the trees and shrubs of the lawn in the street, which could be seen from the hall window. Hubert paused beside her and spoke.

"I am going to leave you with this lady—Mrs. Rumbold," he said. "You know her already, and know that she will be kind to you. You are to go to a good school, where I hope that you will be happy."

The child's eyes dilated as she listened to him.

"Are you going away?" she said.

"Yes; I am going back to London," the young man answered kindly. "You will stay here, like a good little girl, won't you?"

"Do you want me to?" she said, pushing her hair back from her forehead and gazing at him anxiously.

"Yes, I do."

She nodded. "I'll stay," she said curtly.

And then she lapsed once more into her former state of silence and sullenness; and Hubert left her with a smile of farewell and a secret aspiration that he might not see her again; for it seemed to him that he could never look upon the face of Andrew Westwood's daughter without a pang.

He decided to catch the seven o'clock train to London.

"You'll be late for your engagement, I am afraid," Mrs. Rumbold said to him, thinking of his excuse for running away.

He only smiled and nodded as he walked off, by way of reply. His dinner in town, he knew well enough, would be eaten in solitude at his club. He had no other engagement; he would have invented half a hundred excuses sooner than stay an hour longer than was necessary under General Vane's hospitable roof.

He dined silently and expeditiously at his club, and made his way thence to Bloomsbury, to lighted streets to his lodgings in Bloomsbury. A barrister by profession, he had found his real vocation in literature, and he liked to live within easy reach of libraries and newspaper offices. He had been making a fair income lately, and his earnings were very acceptable to him. He was not a man of particularly economical habits. He had about a hundred a year of his own, and Miss Vane allowed him another hundred—all she could spare by her work of his own hands. And yet, as he passed up the staircase to his own rooms, he was wondering whether he could not manage to dispense with Miss Vane's hundred a year.

He let himself in with his latch key, and the room which he entered was lighted only by the lamps in the street. He had not been expected so early, and his landlady had forgotten to bring the lamp which he was in the habit of using. He struck a match and lit the gas, pulled down the blinds, and threw himself upon a heavy sigh into the great leathern arm chair that stood before his writing table.

He was mortally tired. Three nights of the day had been such as would have tried a strong man's nerve, and Hubert Lepel was at this time out of normal physical health and condition. He had seldom gone through such hours of keen torture as he had borne that day; and his face—pale, worn, miserable—seemed to have lost all beauty and all youth as he lay in the great arm chair and thought of the past.

He rose at last with an impatient word.

"It is madness to brood over what cannot be undone," he said to himself. "I must 'dree my own weird' without a word to any living soul. Heaven knows I have had enough to bear, to her I am bound by a tie that nothing on earth can break. And I can have no other ties. I am bad enough, Heaven knows, but I am not so bad as to render myself responsible for the happiness of a wife, for the welfare of children, for a home! With this hanging over me, how can I hope for any happiness in life? I am as much under punishment as poor Westwood in his prison-cell. I have no rights, no hopes, no love. A life sentence did I say that he had received? And have I not a life sentence too?"

He was standing beside his writing-table, and his eyes fell upon a photograph which had adorned the table for the last week. It represented a girl's face—a bright, pretty, careless face, with large eyes and parted smiling lips. For the first time he did not admire it very much; for the first time he found it a trifle soulless and vapid.

"Poor Mary," he said, looking at it with a kind of pity in his eyes—"what will she say when she finds that I do not go to her father's house any more? I do not think that she will care very much. She has been indifferent to me lately! I could not ask her now to link her fate with mine, poor child! She would hate me, I knew. Best to forget her, as she will forget me!"

He took the photograph out of its frame and deliberately tore it across; then he set himself to tear it into the smallest possible fragments, until they lay in a little heap upon his writing table. His face was grave and rigid as he performed the task, but it showed little trace of pain. His fancy for "Mary," the pretty daughter of an old professor, had taken no deep root. Henceforth it vanished from his life, his memory, his heart. "Mary," like all his other dreams, was dead to him.

A knock at the door startled him as he completed his work. A servant brought in a telegram, which he tore open hastily. As he expected, it was from Miss Vane.

"Marion died this evening at seven o'clock, from syncope of the heart. Funeral on Thursday."

"Another victim!" Hubert said to himself, laying down the pink paper with something like a groan. "Am I responsible for this too? A life sentence did I say? It would take a hundred lives to compensate for all the harm that Florence and I have done!"

(To be continued.)

High Tension Courtesy.

Tom—Eat a philopena with me this morning, Tab! Fwr-r-rang!
Tab—With pleasure. Me—

Tom!
Tab!—O-o-o-w-w-w!!!

Puck.

His Best Plot.

Tittle—Well, little Skribble's hit upon an exceptionally fine plot at last.

Tattle—I thought all his novels were lacking in that respect.

Tittle—But this is over in Greenwood. He was buried yesterday.

Too Obliging By Far.

Smallpurse—So, sir, I understand that because I am not prepared to pay you this bill for flowers to-day you will bring suit against me and thereby lose my trade altogether. Well, Delver, gave you credit some sense.

Delver—But I gave you credit for some dollars, more's the pity.

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IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE FOR ONTARIO,
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.
The Carter Medicine Company lately commenced action through their Solicitors, Messrs. Faulkiner & Masson, of Belleville, Ontario, against John T. Wait, of Arnprior, Ontario, for infringement of their trade mark to their "LITTLE LIVER PILLS," and upon a motion coming on before the above Court on the 30th day of April, 1889, the defendant, John T. Wait, (to save heavy damages and costs) agreed to destroy all labels, wrappers, circulars and packages marked with the plaintiff's trade mark or any part of said trade mark or any mark so nearly resembling such trade mark as to be calculated to deceive, and by consent of the said John T. Wait, the above Court did thereupon give judgment granting the Carter Medicine Company a PERPETUAL INJUNCTION restraining said John T. Wait from using their Trade Mark as registered (Trade Mark Register, No. 9, folio 192a), or any part or imitation of such trade mark, or any part thereof, etc., etc.
In purchasing see that the word "CARTER'S" is on the wrapper. It should read thus:
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CHAPTER XIX.

For a few minutes there was silence in the room; Sir Humphrey's face hidden, the daughter knelt motionless before him, save when she shivered convulsively; but she did not loosen for a moment the clasp of her clinging arms. Her silence was perhaps more eloquent than the bitterest sobs and tears would have been, and her upturned face was fixed and rigid when her father raised his head and turned to her again.

"You are going to tell me!" she asked in a breathless whisper.

"You are forcing me to tell you!" said the old man bitterly. I would have spared you, but you would not let me. A few moments since you promised me unquestioning obedience; and now——"

"I cannot give it you in this," she answeredu quietly. "Father, be patient with me! You are asking me to give you more than my life, and I will give it you; but I must know why!"

Sir Humphrey rose and raised her to her feet, patting her into a chair which stood near; then he resumed his own seat with the air of a man who had made up his mind to go through a cruel ordeal.

"Since you will have it so," he said, in a despairing tone, "you shall hear all!"

He put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat and took out a folded paper. Stanley, watching him eagerly and with close attention, saw that his hand shook. As he held the paper out to her in silence, she saw that it was a telegram.

It bore the date of the previous day, and had been handed in at a London office early in the morning. The message it contained was as follows:

"If Sir Humphrey Gerant does not wish to bring irretrievable disgrace on an ancient and noble race, he will do well to ask the man his daughter is about to marry what legal right he has to the name he bears. A barrister would scarcely be a desirable addition to the Gerant escutcheon."

Stanley read the words twice over; they had no meaning for her. She put the telegram on the table, keeping her hand upon it, and looked across at her father.

"I do not understand," she said simply.

Sir Humphrey made a gesture of despair. For the first time in her young life his daughter was cruel to him—unconsciously perhaps, but still cruel.

"Think for a moment, and you will understand," he answered.

She bent her face over the telegram once more; but still the words had no meaning for her.

"I do not understand," she said again, slowly, putting down the paper and looking across at her father with questioning, sorrowful eyes.

"And yet," he returned mournfully, "it is easy enough to understand. It says that Hugh Cameron has no right to the name he has offered you. And, that being so, Stanley, I ask you, is it possible that you could become his wife!"

For a few moments she sat silent, looking at him with the same questioning gaze; then he saw the expression on her face change slowly, until gradually she looked horrified and incredulous; then he knew that she understood.

"It is not true," she exclaimed, with a voice which all her efforts could not keep steady. "Father, how could it be true!"

There was terror as well as horror in her eyes as she looked at him. Sir Humphrey put his hand tenderly upon hers as it rested on the table.

"It is true, Stanley," he said, hoarsely. "Hugh has no name to offer you; he has no legal right to the name he bears."

The look of horror upon her face deepened; she shuddered, her breath came and went heavily, her lips were bloodless, and, when she spoke, her voice had lost its music.

"Tell me all!" she gasped, unconsciously crushing the paper in her hand. "Who sent that cruel message, father!"

"I do not know," he answered; "it bears no name."

"But, if it be true, why does it not bear a name!" she asked, struggling desperately to be calm. "It is as cowardly as it is false! Father, you have often said that anonymous letters are not worth an honest man's scorn. This——"

"My dear," he replied, very gently, as her voice broke and failed, "do you imagine that I would have troubled you with this unless I had proved its truth!"

The girl put up her hand and pushed back her hair from her burning brow.

"Proved its truth!" she echoed, blankly. "You!"

"Yes—I!" he answered. "You are very dear to me, Stanley; but the honor of our race is dear also. My first thought on receiving this was to treat it with contempt; but, on reflection, I decided that, if there were any truth in it, it was better to learn it now than when it might be too late. I owed this to you and to our name. I went, as you know, to London, and there I saw Francis Ashton, Mr. Cameron's lawyer, Lady Sara Cameron's nephew. I put the telegram before him, and I watched his face as he read it. Its expression told me enough. He tried to give me some lame explanation, but it was useless; I had read in his face the truth of that message, Stanley. It is quite true. Hugh Cameron is nameless—at least, he has no right to the name he bears—it is only his by sufferance."

Stanley sat silent, her burning eyes fixed upon her father's face.

"There is no need to enter into details, my child," he continued. "Philip Cameron is his father, Lady Sara is his mother; but Hugh Cameron is but an illegitimate son. I believe his parents were more sinned against than sinning. His father is innocent of all wrong; but he had too great a love for and faith in the woman who betrayed him. Stanley, knowing of Lady Sara what I know now, the mere fact that Hugh has her blood in his veins would have made me object to him as your husband had he been her lawful son instead of what he is."

"And he—Hugh—is guiltless, you say?" she queried, in a voice which was quite firm although it was very low, as if she were faint and weak.

"I cannot tell—I do not know. The lawyer says he believes him to be ignorant of his true position—and I should be glad to believe so too. If he is not"—the old man's lips took a more resolute and contemptuous curve—"he is not worthy your regret, Stanley."

There was a few moments' silence.

"I think," said the girl presently, in the same low tone—"I think he did not know."

She was scarcely conscious, although there was no change in her appearance or manner; a strange numbness had crept over her, her room and her father's grave troubled face had vanished; but her brain, dulled as it was, knew at least this—that she could not be Hugh Cameron's wife—that her father would never consent to her linking her fate with that of a man who was disgraced and dishonored, though his disgrace and dishonor had come to him through no sin of his own. In a few moments the numbness passed from her senses, and she came back to clearer consciousness and acuter misery. Her heart felt like ice within her breast; her limbs seemed turned to stone; but in all her misery she saw no gleam of hope—she could not bring the slightest shade of dishonor upon the name she loved. Even in this, the bitterest moment of anguish her life could know, she never thought of any means of escaping from her terrible fate. To forgive, to overlook dishonor was to be dishonorable, Sir Humphrey had taught her. If her heart broke, she must be loyal to her creed and his.

Suddenly she heard her father's voice.

"Lady Sara betrayed the man who loved her and had faith in her," he was saying. "She had been secretly married when very young to a man who a few weeks later was transported as a convicted forger—oh, it is a shameful, ignoble story, Stanley, scarcely fit for your ears! The convict kept his counsel—it would do him no good, he thought, to have any additional sin proven against him—Lady Sara kept hers; and some years after, believing him dead, she married Philip Cameron."

"Then?" A faint gleam of hope lighted up the girl's despairing eyes; but her father shook his head sadly.

"It was no marriage, Stanley. Her first husband, of whose existence Philip Cameron had never heard, was living still; and, when her only child was seven years old, the returned convict came to claim his wife; and the man whom she had betrayed so cruelly knew the bitter truth—that not only had the woman he loved and trusted betrayed him, but that she had given to his only son a legacy of shame which nothing could blot out—that the child, innocent as he was, must bear a burden of degradation which he owed to the mother who bore him! Ah, if her wrong-doing has made Lady Sara Cameron an unhappy woman, can you wonder at it, and can you pity her? Why should she not bear some of the punishment which fell so heavily upon others—upon those who were guiltless! She, who would have drawn away her skirts from a sinner less guilty than herself, is as degraded and depraved in my eyes!"

Sir Humphrey spoke with a passion of which Stanley was only vaguely conscious, and with a contempt which stung her to the inmost soul. This woman of whom he spoke was Hugh's mother, she thought; and with the thought came a vision of the beautiful, trembling creature, wasted with suffering, who had come down the stairs at Brancepeth, whose burning fingers she had held in hers, whose clay-cold cheek she had touched with her lips. It was only a few hours back; but it seemed to Stanley that she had lived years since then.

"And to that woman's son I was going to give my daughter," said Sir Humphrey, his passion rising as he thought of the promise given; "and I was glad when I thought of her that she was an earl's daughter, of birth and station equal to our own. If Hugh Cameron's mother had been a servant in his father's household and an honest woman, I would gladly give the consent I retract now."

"She has suffered!" the girl murmured faintly, startled by his passion.

"Suffered! Her suffering is a pretence, like her repentance! She has a false heart, Stanley, or she would never have deceived so noble a man as Cameron. When he knew the truth," Sir Humphrey went on more calmly, "for his child's sake he bought silence from the convict; but on that very day silence was imposed upon the man forever by a Higher Power. He was killed in a railway accident—and Lady Sara's secret was safe. A few days later Philip Cameron married her; but there was no means of removing the stigma from his son's name. Hugh has no name, no rights—he is an outcast!"

Stanley put out her hand with an entreating gesture. She could not speak; a strange confusion was upon her; she was faint and cold.

Her father went on sadly—

"I am giving you wounds, my child, which will take long to heal; but I cannot help it. You see, do you not, that I have no alternative? The sacrifice I have asked of you must be made, Stanley!" He rose and, going to her side, put his hand upon her shoulder. "You will not shrink from it!"

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with anguish.

"Not if I must," she said. "But, father"—she turned, and laid her arm with both her hands—"must I?" Her eyes rested upon his face with a look which thrilled him—a look that was intense, heart-searching, full of despair, yet not without hope. "Father," she went on breathlessly, "must I give him up? He is innocent of all wrong—he has not sinned—the secret of his birth is unknown save to us! all these years no whisper of it has been heard; surely we should have known if it had been so! Why should Hugh suffer when he has not sinned?"

"Not sinned," her father echoed, looked down at her—"not sinned! Has he not deceived us!"

"He!" she exclaimed, a smile curving her lips for a moment and lighting up her pallid face. "Oh, father, do you know him so little? He is ignorant of this terrible thing of which you have told me. If it were otherwise, if he were so base a traitor, do you think I should love him so well? He is ignorant—as ignorant as you were, as I was, a few hours since! And he is innocent. Why should he suffer? Dearest father, I have promised—oh, yes, I have promised—but have pity on me! Remember that not only will he suffer, but my heart will be broken!"

She sank upon her knees before him; she knew her prayer was hopeless; she felt it so in the depths of her breaking heart; but she felt that she must make one despairing passionate effort before she sacrificed Hugh and herself. The grasp of her little hand upon his arm was so strong that it almost hurt the old man as she cowered at his feet, only her eyes with their look of wild appeal giving an appearance of life to her death-like face.

"What would you have me do?" asked Sir Humphrey hoarsely.

"I would have you give me back my promise," she moaned. "Oh, father, there can be no public disgrace! No one knows, and we love each other so well!"

"Is shame only that which is known to the world?" he asked bitterly. "Could you be happy, Stanley, knowing that you had brought a tarnished name into our family annals?"

"No one would know," she whispered hoarsely.

"You would know," the old man answered almost roughly; "and I should know; and I should feel as if my honored ancestors would rise in their grave and strike me for the stain I should have brought upon our house!"

An oppressive silence followed. She knew that he spoke from his heart; she knew too that she shrank and trembled at the thought of doing anything that would sully their name; yet she knew that, if she gave up Hugh Cameron, she would give up all chance of happiness in the life which was before her.

"Father," she moaned, "have pity!"

But the tears in the old man's eyes were the only answer she received. Her hand dropped; her hands loosed their hold; she sank at his feet as if a bullet had pierced her heart.

He looked at her with infinite pity and yearning in his dim eyes; and, as he looked, his face grew dark with wrath against this fate which had overtaken her. And yet how could he yield to her prayer? How could he be false to all the traditions he had held so long? As he looked down upon her, a sudden impulse seemed to move him.

"Stanley," he said brokenly, "I am an old man—life cannot last much longer for me now. Wait until the grave has closed over me, and then let it be as you will; but spare me during what remains to me of life. Keep your word until then, and——"

She rose slowly to her feet, trembling in every limb; there was a strange gray pallor on her face; she looked old, haggard, all her bright young beauty had faded.

"Those are cruel words!" she interposed, in a strange tone. "I have never failed in obedience to you yet—I will not fail you now. I will keep my word to you, father; but, in doing so, I must be false to him."

She moved unsteadily towards the door. The clock on the mantelpiece was striking twelve; the house was very still.

"Stanley, my child!" cried Sir Humphrey, following her.

But she put out her hand as if to keep him from her.

"To-morrow," she said faintly—"to-morrow, father, we will arrange all—I can bear no more to-night—to-morrow."

She pushed aside the heavy velvet *portiere*, opened the door noiselessly, and like a ghost, glided out into the hall; and the sombre folds of velvet fell, shutting out the white figure from the anxious eyes which followed it.

(To be Continued.)

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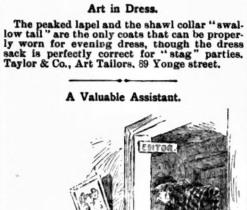

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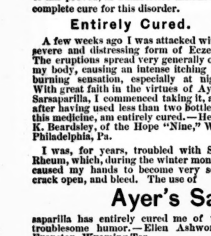

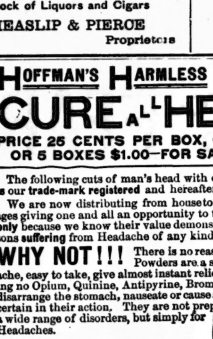

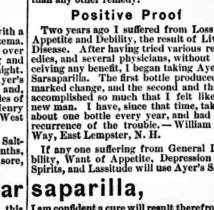

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BARRIE.

On Wednesday evening, November 6, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy gave an At Home. Quite a number were present and enjoyed the many dance until the small hours. Mrs. McCarthy wore a handsome Nile green silk, with white jet, and was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Miss Brydon, who wore a becoming terra cotta costume. Those whom I noticed were Captain and Mrs. White; Miss Herchy, pale pink and cream lace; Miss Hornsby, heliotrope brocaded velvet, with grenadine of the same shade; the Misses Foster, white china silk; the Misses Mason, old gold brocaded silk trimmed with cream pearls; Miss Reiner, pale blue embroidered with marguerites; Miss Cotter, black lace, yellow silk sash; Miss Baker, brown lace over silk of the same shade; Miss Helen Bird, pale pink with pearls; Miss Stewart, pink with white lace; Miss Spry, pink with garnet plush trimmings; Miss T. Mason, Rud digore brocade and lace; Miss Holmes, creme with pink trimmings; Miss J. Forsyth, black velvet; Miss N. Baker, Nile green with plush trimmings; Miss Jackson, electric blue; Messrs. F. Hornsby, E. Mitchell, W. Campbell, H. Kortright, Geo. Esten, T. R. Boys, L. McCarthy, Geo. Fraser, C. Fitton of Orillia, H. McVittie, F. H. Lauder, W. B. Spry, R. C. Gillett, T. Baker, J. F. Fairbairn, W. A. Ross, M.D.; A. Dyment, H. Thompson, M.D.; T. R. Ferguson, A. E. Giles, A. Creswicke, Coffee, and F. Stevenson. This was one of the most successful At Homes, in every respect, which has been given for some time.

Mrs. Dickinson of Cartron entertained a few friends to dinner on Friday evening, November 8.

Last week Mrs. Thomson of John street gave a small evening party; about thirty young people were present and spent a most delightful time. The early part of the evening whist and other games were played. After supper dancing was indulged in for a few hours.

Mrs. Wm. Ardagh and Miss Ardagh of Winnipeg intend spending the winter in Barrie and will reside at The Hill.

A very gay evening was spent last Tuesday at Rathwood, the residence of Mr. Allan Lloyd, when an impromptu dance was given by Mrs. Lloyd for some friends. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. Schreiber, Miss Brydon, Mr. T. R. and Miss Boys, the Misses Bird, Miss Hunt of Philadelphia, Miss Reiner, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Mitchell, the Misses Mason, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. Esten, the Misses Baker, Mr. B. Schreiber, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. Fairbairn, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. F. Stevenson, Mr. A. Boys, Miss Jackson, Mr. A. Dyment, Mr. W. Campbell, Miss Crowe of Chatham, Miss Holmes, Miss F. Henderson, Mr. Giles and others.

Mr. D. Farmer spent a day in town last week with relatives. OCULAIRE.

OTTAWA.

There was a dinner party at Earnscliffe, the residence of the Premier, on Thursday evening last, at which several of the Ministers of the Crown and their wives were present, together with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Miss Stewart and Miss Macpherson.

Friday evening last was the occasion of a ball given by Mrs. Walker Powell of Friel street. There were about one hundred guests only, there being a counter attraction in the shape of amateur theatricals at Harmony Hall. This was the first ball of the season.

On Wednesday afternoon last Miss Jessie Gordon gave a five o'clock tea to a few of her particular friends.

Tuesday evening last the hospitality of Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron was partaken of at an eight o'clock dinner. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mackintosh and Miss Mackintosh.

The ball that is to be given in the new hall of the Amateur Athletic Association's building on Maria street, is being looked forward to eagerly. About five hundred invitations have been issued. The event is to take place November 28.

BRANTFORD.

Among the social events of the season was the marriage of Miss Kate Sidway Wilkes, eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. H. Wilkes, to Mr. T. Harry Whitehead, which took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 6, at Grace Church. The chancel was prettily decorated with palms and chrysanthemums, and above the chancel steps hung a huge bell of crimson barberries. During the entire ceremony soft strains of music from the organ added a charming effect to the scene. Messrs. Fred J. Campbell of Toronto and Curran Hardy of Brantford acted as ushers. At half-past three Mr. Whitehead, attended by Mr. W. J. Fury of Orillia, took his place, and the bride, preceded by her five bridesmaids, entered leaning on her father's arm. She wore an exquisite dress of white brocade with court train, trimmed with crepe dechine and white roses; the veil of white tulle was fastened with white roses, and she carried a bouquet of the same fragrant flowers. A more beautiful bride has never been seen in this handsome old church. The bridesmaids, Misses Haycock and May Bennett and the three young sisters of the bride, Misses Edna, Helen and Jessie Wilkes, were attired in handsome dresses of cream silk, their short veils being fastened with pink roses and they each carried large bouquets of pink roses tied with long pink ribbons. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father on Chatham street. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilkes, Mr. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Wilkes, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Hon. A. S. Hardy and Miss Hardy, Mrs. J. C. Welles, Miss Nita Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hately, Mrs. and Miss Bennett, Mrs. and Miss Kate Haycock, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Wilson, Mr. E. L. and the Misses Gould, Mrs. Henry, Miss Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt, Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace, Mr. James Wallace, Miss Christie, Mr. J. G. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Blackader, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Hale, the Misses Cockshutt, Mr. G. H. Muirhead, Miss Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. A. Robertson, Miss Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ridout, Miss Pinken of Toronto, Mrs. Cormack of Cardinal, Miss Guthrie of Guelph, Miss Duncan of Lansdowne, Mich., Miss Band of Paris, Miss Pomeroy of Sarnia. The drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, and with the handsome costumes of the ladies, formed a brilliant as well as happy scene. The groom's presents to the bridesmaids were gold bracelets set with pearls, and pretty pins also set with pearls to the little maids. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead left on the evening train for a trip which includes New York, Washington and Montreal, and the good wishes of their many friends accompany them. In the evening Mrs. Whitehead gave a delightful party, at which only the wedding guests were present.

BELLEVILLE.

The following items were left over from last week:

Mrs. C. Kelso of Halleck, Minn., is in the city visiting at Dr. Wilson's. Mrs. Kelso looks as though the Far West agrees with her.

Mrs. and Miss Starling, also Mrs. T. Lazier, have returned from their trip West.

Mr. J. L. Biggar devotes his leisure to photography, and has developed quite a talent for that art. It is proposed to form an amateur photographic club of ladies and gentlemen here.

The entertainment, The Feast of Days, given by the ladies of St. Andrew's congregation was a great success financially and otherwise. The six booths, representing the days of the week, were beautifully and artistically arranged. The tea table was laid in the officers' mess room with all the taste and elegance of a refined home. The picture gallery was the greatest point of attraction. The pictures had not only the merit of being life-like, but beautiful. Miss May Biggar, as Priscilla, was simply perfect. Miss Emily Biggar made an exceedingly pretty picture of ye maid of olden time. Miss Ella Maclean looked so well in a frame that it is a wonder the picture was not carried off. The different representations by the Misses Alice Bell, Pearson, Kelso, and Brownlee, also that of Mrs. Farley, and last, though not least, Mr. Malcolm Maclean, as a cavalier, made quite an impression.

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Mirror Stove Pipe Varnish is the best in use. No disagreeable odor from it.

Wilkie Collins on Fallen Leaves.

The following letter, recently published, was one received by Mr. George Stewart, jr., now of the Quebec *Chronicle*, some ten or eleven years since when he was editor of the *Canadian Monthly*. Mr. Stewart had the personal friendship of the lately deceased novelist. The latter refers to the story of Fallen Leaves, published in 1879.

"LONDON, Thursday, March 13, 1879.

"MY DEAR STEWART.—A line to thank you for the *Canadian Monthly*, which reaches me regularly—and to say that I enclose three more revises of The Fallen Leaves, in advance of the publication here on the 2nd, 9th and 16th April next. On February 13th I wrote to answer your letter—sending revise to the end of March, and asking for a line in reply to assure me that the business part of my communication was clearly understood between us.

"You will find that the 16th weekly part introduces a new character, belonging to a class which some of my brethren are afraid to touch with the tips of their pens. She is, nevertheless, the chief character in the story—and will probably lead me into another novel in continuation of The Fallen Leaves. You will see (especially when you receive the revise of part 17, for April 23), that the character is so handled as to give no offence to any sensible persons, and that every line is of importance to the coming development of the girl, placed amid new surroundings. But, perhaps, some of the 'nice people with nasty ideas' on your side of the ocean may raise objection. In this case, you are entirely at liberty to state as publicly as you please (if you think it necessary) that my arrangement with you stipulates for the absolute literal reprinting of The Fallen Leaves from my revises, and that the gentle reader will have the story exactly as I have written it, or will not have the latter portions of the story at all. I don't anticipate any serious objections. On the contrary, I believe Simple Sally will be the most lovable personage in the story. But we have (as Mr. Carlyle reckons it) 30 million of fools in Great Britain and Ireland—and (who knows!) some of them may have emigrated.

"I intended to write a short letter. 'Hell is paved——,' you know the rest. Yours very truly, WILKIE COLLINS.

"George Stewart, Jun., Esq."

They Had Made a Mistake.

Some of the newspapers publish a "useful domestic recipe" every day. The other day, in place of the recipe, one of the papers published the following notice: "We sincerely trust that our readers will forgive us. Yesterday, in giving a recipe for chilblains, we inadvertently stated that the remedy was to be taken internally. It is, on the contrary, for external use. We hope that Providence has restrained the hands of our beloved subscribers, for every one who drank of this compound is dead by this time. We present in advance our condolences to the bereaved families."

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Magnificent Collection of Paintings

Including several from this year's Paris Salon, pictures especially painted for this exhibition by well-known Canadian artists, and

A Loan Collection of 108 Paintings

From the N.Y. Society for the Promotion of Art

MISS LAURA McMANIS

The Celebrated Whistling Soloist, and the Popular Orchestra of the Academy of Music will render a number of pieces during the evening.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS

N.B.—Pictures will be received on Monday, 18th inst.

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334 Yonge Street, opposite Gould

Some of the momentary things with us are the "Elsie Books" and the Pansy Books—prices 44c. and 24c. respectively. The most popular Books of our generation at our Popular Prices; both old and young ought to read them. Also another purchase of $200 of Talmage's most popular work, "Around the Tea Table," 49c. These are books which cannot be bought in the States for less than three and four times the price we sell them for, and yet they have been sold by the hundred thousand there. No home should be without them. A few left of Kings of Fortune at less than one quarter their value. These cannot be duplicated for less than subscription price.

We closed out stock of beautiful Glassware and sell it as follows: 7 Goblets 25c., worth 50c.; Pickle Vases, covered, 9c., worth 25c.; covered Berry Dishes on standards 10c. and 15c., worth 25c. and 40c.; large open ones 12c., worth 35c.; covered Butters 10c., worth 25c.; 1-pint Pitchers 7c., worth 20c., and the whole line at similar prices. Call for Price List of our great stock.

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In Ulsters, Newmarkets, Dolmans, Sacques, Walking Jackets, Capes, &c., &c., made from the finest Alaska Sealskins, London dye, now in stock at very moderate prices, considering the great advance in the price of Sealskin; also several very handsome Fur Lined Circulars, very new designs.

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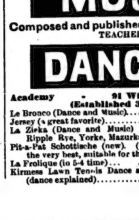

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La Feuilque (in 3-4 time)	35c.
Kirmess Lawn Tennis Dance and Waltz Combined (dance explained)	75c.

The Opera and the Theater.

The season now being opened, the only proper dress is the full dress suit. As to dress at dramatic performances, the lines are not so closely drawn. If a gentleman joins a regular theater party, either in a private box or in orchestra seats, he should wear full evening dress, and in fact at all times full dress is admissable at the theater, but its absence is of course excusable when a gentleman has accepted an informal invitation to dinner, and goes dressed in afternoon costume, and afterwards invites his friends or is invited to the theater informally. Having received a full line of dress suitings with fancy evening dress vestings, I would call attention to my patrons and the public generally. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BALDWIN—At Toronto, on November 11, Mrs. R. W. Y. Baldwin—a daughter.
DRYSDALE—At Toronto, on November 11, Mrs. John Drysdale—a daughter.
MARSHALL—At London, on November 10, Mrs. Jos. H. Marshall—a son.
WARD—At Parkdale, on November 10, Mrs. J. J. Ward—a daughter.
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on November 9, Mrs. Henry T. Thomp on—a son.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on November 3, Mrs. George Clarke—a son.
BELDING—At Katrine, Parry Sound District, on November 1, Mrs. A. W. Belding—a daughter.
CLEMENT—At Berlin, on November 8, Mrs. E. P. Clement—a daughter.
SIBBALD—At Lloydtown, on October 29, Mrs. E. W. Sibbald—a son.
STEVENS—At Toronto, on November 7, Mrs. Robert Stevens—a son.
HOME—At Toronto, on November 4, Mrs. Robert Home—a son.
TEASDALE—At Iaskay, Ont., on October 29, Mrs. G. Teasdale—a son.
GRAY—At Toronto, on November 2, Mrs. R. M. Gray—a son.
STEWART—At Collingwood, on November 6, Mrs. E. Stewart—a son.

Marriages.

BEATTY—PHELPS—At Merritton, on November 6, John Beatty to Roxy Phelps.
CHRISTIE—GUOIN—At Calgary, Assa., on October 30, Thomas Nicol Elgin Christie to Mabel Eda Guoin.
FOY—ROGERS—At Toronto, on November 7, W. J. Foy to Lizzie Rogers.
MILLER—LESTER—At London, on November 6, George A. Miller to Isabel Lester.
RENNIE—TEASDALE—At Headford, on November 6, John Rennie to Martha Teasdale.
WRIGHT—McARTHUR—At Bowmanville, on November 6, Ruggles Wright to Mary Stewart McArthur.
MUNRO—McCARTHY—At St. Catharines, on November 13, by Rev. Isaac Tovell, Newbury N. Munro of Toronto, to Minnie A. McCarthy.

Deaths.

[A notice of the death of Thomas Skippon, published last week, should have read Mrs. T. R. Skippon].
COTTER—At Toronto, on Nov. 12, Sister M. Jane Frances Cotter, aged 57 years.
COPPING—At Toronto, on November 11, Mrs. Harriet Copping, aged 81 years.
ARCHIBALD—At Toronto, on November 11, Rev. F. W. Archibald.
OULLAHAN—At San Francisco, Cal., on November 5, D. J. Oullahan, aged 64 years.
GLANCY—At Davisville, on November 12, Mrs. Mary Glancy, aged 67 years.
MACHELL—At Aurora, on November 11, Mrs. Martha Machell, aged 74 years.
HUNTER—Accidentally killed, on November 12, Alexander Hunter, aged 65 years.
McQUAID—At Toronto, on November 11, Patrick McQuaid of Charlottetown, P. E. I., aged 26 years.
HEAGARTY—At Toronto, Thomas Heagarty, aged 40 years.
CHADWICK—At Guelph, on November 10, John Craven Chadwick, aged 78 years.
FOTHERGILL—At Yuma, Colorado, John B. Fothergill, aged 23 years.
FITZGERALD—At Hamilton, on November 8, Mrs. W. H. Fitzgerald, aged 71 years.
VIVIAN—At Toronto, on November 8, Joseph David Vivian, son of Joseph C. and Ruth H. Vivian of Port Arthur, aged 3 years.
BARBER—At Toronto, on November 9, William R. Barber, aged 39 years.
McCRIMMON—At Parkdale, Ellsworth Lloyd McCrimmon, aged 21 years.
SHEWAN—At Toronto, on November 7, Mrs. Magnus Shewan, aged 72 years.
KERR—At Toronto, on November 7, Mrs. John Kerr, aged 65 years.
IRELAND—At Aurora, on November 8, Mrs. Wm. Ireland, aged 67 years.
McARTHUR—At Toronto, on November 3, William Archer McArthur, aged 6 years.
LAIN—At Toronto, on November 11, infant daughter of R. W. Lain, aged 2 months.
CROSHER—At Toronto, on November 8, May Gertrude Crosher.
MATTHEWS—At New Lowell, George Matthews, aged 23 years.

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HEAD
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